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JOHN PELL *Editor*
RICHARD DANA SKINNER *Associate Editor*
JAMES H. VAN ALEN *Managing Editor*

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword	J. P.	3
Does Posterity Pay?	FREEMAN TILDEN	11
Story about the Mockingbird	THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB	28
Littoral Dawn. *Verse*	FRANCES FROST	48
Tomorrow's Broadcast	DAVIDSON TAYLOR	49
Agriculture and the Constitution	SAMUEL LUBELL	57
Words of Earth. *Verse*	JESSE STUART	71
Who Was the First American?	EDNA MULDROW	72
A Common Ground for Peace	DAVID FIGART	85
But Spring Is Lovelier. *Verse*	SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN	98
Under the Musical Crust	JACQUES JOLAS	99
Why No Nicaragua Canal?	JAMES R. BROWNE	108
Alberta, and Social Credit	WM. AND KATHRYN CORDELL	121
Ambition on a May Morning. *Verse*	KILE CROOK	134
The Golden Age. *Story*	MARY ELLEN CHASE	135
Book Reviews		
North to the Orient By Anne Morrow Lindbergh	LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD	148
Old Jules By Mari Sandoz	P. W. WILSON	150
Silas Crockett By Mary Ellen Chase	HERSCHEL BRICKELL	153
Red Sky in the Morning By Robert P. Tristram Coffin	BEN AMES WILLIAMS	155
The Life of Washington Irving By Stanley T. Williams	E. H. O'NEILL	161
The Lees of Virginia By Burton J. Hendrick	DOUGLASS DEBEVOISE	170
The Thought and Character of William James By Ralph Barton Perry	C. HARTLEY GRATTAN	174
Mules and Men By Zora Neale Hurston	THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB	181
And Gladly Teach By Bliss Perry	ELEANOR L. VAN ALEN	183
A History of American Biography By E. H. O'Neill	LLOYD WENDELL ESHLEMAN	185
The Columbia Encyclopædia Clarke F. Ansley, Editor-in-Chief	HERBERT C. PELL	188
Contributors' Column		191

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Foreword

THIS is, it hardly need be mentioned, an election year: perhaps it is not too much of an exaggeration to say that it is a super-election year. Since our memories are very short, we are inclined to go about saying that it is the most astounding and spectacular election year that ever occurred. It is, therefore, interesting and sobering to turn back the files of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and find that a century ago political conditions were almost as chaotic, and economic trends equally insecure.

Andrew Jackson, who was still President in 1836, was the founder of the spoils system, godfather of Farleyism and, perhaps, of all our "pressure groups" as well. In his time there were momentous Supreme Court decisions and, like the present President, he fought with the judiciary. As the Court had much less prestige in those days than it has today, Jackson, on one or two occasions, ignored its mandates completely. Immediately after the inauguration of his successor, Martin Van Buren, depression descended upon the country and the banks promptly closed their doors in what may now be regarded as the orthodox fashion. In the great depression of the 'forties, panaceas sprouted like clover and there were millenniums just around every corner. New banking and currency systems, proof against future disturbance, were established; and newspaper editors, such as Horace

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Greeley of the Tribune, filled their pages with utopian schemes.

We all know that the panaceas never work, just as we know that systems never beat the bank at Monte Carlo, but we do not know why this is so. Few students of government and economics have dared to set foot on this region which lies beyond the confines of exact analysis. Spengler has come as close as anyone to discerning the fallacy of applying rational solutions to historical problems. He refers a great deal to "form" and to nations or classes which are "in form." His use of the word is much the same as that which may be found in the parlance of any athletic game. Really good players of, say, tennis have good form, a quality which is easily recognizable but which cannot be imparted by rules of thumb, or even accurately described. You can become a fair player by learning tricks and systems, but you will not be able to defeat a player who has really good form. The German constitutional republic and the British parliamentary monarchy afford examples of system and form in government. No Townsend or Tugwell would set up a system as profoundly illogical as the British, but even they would agree that it has stood up very well for a long time.

The panaceas always disappear when prosperity returns. Like mushrooms, they flourish in darkness and shrivel up when the sun comes out. In the present instance, the sunlight of recovery is being aided by the Supreme Court acting as a mowing machine: if present tendencies continue, Franklin Roosevelt will be able to use his 1932 platform over again in 1936 — the intervening aberrations will have been completely obliterated and the New Deal will resemble the proverbial dodo.

It is a pity that the chasm which engulfed the NRA

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and the AAA was not vast enough to encompass the American Legion and other "pressure groups" which have replaced Congress in the function of initiating legislation. These legal racketeers constitute the greatest menace to the future of the country: their motives are no more praiseworthy than those of the miserable safe-cracker who at least risks his neck in his petty escapades. The pressure groups are organized by men who have learned the tricks of legalized robbery on a vast scale, and who care as little about the merits of the causes which they espouse as underworld lawyers who have mastered the art of defending homicide cases. They bear the same stripes as the munitions vendor who foments revolutions in order to create a market for his wares. However, these pressure groups may not have the power which they claim, and which cringing Congressmen attribute to them. No politician's career has been ruined by opposing the bonus, but it is more than possible that several will suffer defeat as a result of the part they have played in this disgusting performance.

All candidates for the presidency are now advocating old age pensions because this looks like a very simple method of securing a nice bloc of votes — the entire part of the population which has reached the age of 65. If one farsighted candidate carries the project to its logical conclusion and advocates pensions for all, the others will have to follow (or lose the votes of everybody under 65) and then the trouble will be over. Unfortunately, there is little likelihood that this will occur because it is easier to talk about distributing bounties than to tell the voters that, if they were self-respecting, they would care for their own aged, and that there are already in existence homes for the indigent.

According to the census of 1930 there were 6,633,805

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people of 65 or over in this country. Using the "conservative" figure of $50 a month, it would cost $3,880,283,000 to "provide" for them, compared with "ordinary" Federal expenditures of $3,721,234,634 in the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1935. Whether the 100% increase in the cost of government is met by direct taxation or by the indirect taxation of inflation, the result will be exactly the same — the burden will be borne by the producers of wealth, principally, that is to say, by the farmers and by Labor.

As a matter of fact, the handout system of government never confers lasting power and glory upon its authors because the opposition can always make more grandiose promises — the history of Rome during the *panem et circenses* period was a succession of falling heads. No sooner had an emperor distributed largess to the insatiable populace than an aspirant (why anyone wanted the job even Gibbon fails to explain) out-promised him and the emperor's head adorned a pole. In contrast, Cromwell, Napoleon, Washington, Lenin, Hitler and Mussolini gave their people meatless weeks and breadless Sundays: it must be that the people do not really want to live by bread alone, nor even by bread and circuses.

No enterprise can prosper for an extended period when it is in the hands of an irresponsible management. We all know what happens to a bank when its president speculates with its funds. There is really not a vast difference between him and the Congressman who buys his reëlection with bonuses, pensions, or just plain handouts. A suggestion worthy of serious consideration is to pay Congressmen for life, whether or not they remain in office. The Treasury would have to foot a sizeable bill for the salaries of ex-Congressmen — it could, conceivably, run as high as $100,000,000 a year, since the

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tendency would be for our legislators to remain in office for one term only, and then pass their berths along to other worthies capable of capturing the electorate's fancy — but this is a trivial sum compared to what Congressmen spend in their efforts to retain their jobs.

An equally pertinent plan might be to abolish Congress altogether, or at least for a time. There are enough laws on the books to cover every contingency, and the budget would probably be no worse off if left in executive hands. What prosperity the country would enjoy if we were assured that there would be no legislation for ten years!

As a nation, we have failed to cultivate the art of doing nothing. Substituting action for thought, we heap mistake upon mistake in a mad scramble for undefined objectives. There has never occurred a more poignant example than the opportunity which Franklin Roosevelt energetically overlooked. If at the end of his first month in office he had become absorbingly interested in ship models he would have achieved, in historical retrospect, a niche beside Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. By then the sound banks had been reopened and their solvency assured, the budget had been balanced, Prohibition had been abolished, provision for the unemployed had been established and a business boom was bursting its chrysalis. As it turned out, two years of drought — sufficient to obliterate the surpluses of farm products — were in store, so that the frantic and illegal efforts to accomplish the same ends were unnecessary; and most of the other steps taken have proven either unconstitutional or unworkable. Bitterness and discouragement have filled the cup which, today, might have been running over with glorious success.

Just what occurred to the President in the summer of

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1933 — why he reversed his position and became enmeshed in so many unnecessary tangles, no one will ever know. The change has been attributed to the condition of his health, the illness of Louis Howe, the unfortunate choice of his advisers, an inflated ego, and countless other causes. It has apparently occurred to no one that the trouble was caused by the President's inability to cope with the avalanche of detail which descended upon him as soon as he had become ensconced in office.

If our civilization ultimately disintegrates and disappears (as all others have before it) the cause will very likely be the inability of its leading men to think while occupying important offices. The pressure of detail is responsible for many of our inexplicable blunders. There is no other ready explanation for the failure of our bankers to see the signs of impending disaster in 1928 and 1929. The fact is that a bank president has hardly a minute to himself, no part of his life is earmarked for contemplation. The ultimate piece of absurdity which, ages hence, will puzzle scholars, is the custom which requires our nation's Presidents to spend countless hours of precious time hob-nobbing with all comers. It is probably easier to meet the Chief Executive than the proprietor of a high class barber shop. His decisions must be made with inadequate preparation and idiotic haste.

Consider the average day of the President, the voluminous mail which actually reaches him and requires time and thought, the transcripts and summaries of letters which have been intercepted by secretaries and assistant secretaries, the telegrams, the telephone calls, the conferences with members of the cabinet, the conferences with Senators and Congressmen, the conferences with the Press, the conferences with political managers, the conferences with almost anybody who is old enough to

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vote, the official and unofficial parties and receptions, the preparation of speeches and messages, the perusal of the speeches in and out of Congress of his party members and of his opponents, the reception of delegations of Kansas schoolgirls, Indian medicine men, New York bankers, negro missionaries, California Rotarians, and economists from every city in the world. The wonder is that any of his acts are right.

Aside from the question of constitutionality, the NRA and its many brothers and sisters were unworkable because no one human mind, or even group of minds, could have coördinated their multitudinous activities, above all in so short a space of time. If Franklin Roosevelt had stopped to think, he might never have embarked on this vast campaign of regulation — the risks so obviously outweighed the rewards. He was simply carried forward by the maelstrom of detail.

Is there any solution? The managers of the English steamship lines, appreciating the responsibility which rests upon their shoulders, have intelligently adopted the plan of having two captains for their larger liners. One wears yards of gold braid and gives ceremonious little dinners for important lady passengers, the other navigates the ship. It does not require genius to command a liner or the ship of state: there is a simple, well known course which is easy to follow, but on every ship there are passengers who are eager to gain the captain's ear, for reasons of their own, and others who, from selfish motives, are ready to encourage him even when they see him heading straight for an iceberg.

Artists and scholars, valuing their intellectual and imaginative productions, arrange to do their creative work in seclusion and quiet. What is equally important, they seek unbiassed criticism, and take it seriously when

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they get it. Business executives and statesmen, in contrast, allow themselves to be constantly harassed by countless interruptions, and, as though determined to becloud the truth, surround themselves with flatterers and yes-men.

Centuries ago the rulers of Europe appreciated the importance of having in their entourage at least one person who was unbiassed and unafraid: every Continental court had its jester. Many a king may have been saved from acts which would have cost him his throne, if not his head, by gentle reminders of the realities from the court fool. What a jester might have done for Herbert Hoover! If only Franklin Roosevelt had one, instead of all those serious young men!

J. P.

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Does Posterity Pay?

FREEMAN TILDEN

A YOUNG man, presumably a college undergraduate, wrote a letter to a newspaper the other day, expressing great perturbation about the rate of increase of the public debts. He concluded his prudent reflections with the bitter comment that the heedless spenders of this generation were creating a huge burden which "posterity will have to pay."

I deeply sympathize with the anxiety of this young man. Other young men and women are revolving the same ideas. Even if their conclusions are inaccurate, as they must be if they depend upon their instruction in that slightly tarnished quasi-science known as "political economy," it is still heartening to know that they are thinking at all. So much cannot be said for all their elders.

But, lest this young correspondent should be losing sleep, which is so important to the adolescent, about the public debts which he believes must be extinguished by taxes upon posterity, I hasten to administer to him a gentle sedative out of my medicine-chest of economic history. He need not be racked about this prospect. I assure him that posterity does not pay. It never did, and never will.

Oh, yes, in a very limited sense, perhaps it does. Some of the stupidities of each generation remain as hurdles for the successors. The sins of the fathers, as was known long ago, must be expiated. But I assume that what our young man has in mind is, that public debts continue to pile up across the years, mounting to greater and still greater totals, and that these debts will sooner or later be paid out of the bone and sinew of the heirs. It is not so. If he

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will stop and think a moment, he will realize that it cannot be so. If all the public debt, created and unpaid, of all the nations that ever created a public debt were at this moment still active, drawing interest, and awaiting settlement by "posterity," the total amount would be so absurd as to need no other comment except boisterous laughter.

Let me present a little syllogism which, though probably not logically flawless, ought to indicate well enough what I have in mind:

1. *We* are posterity.
2. We do not pay.
3. Posterity does not pay.

It is obvious that *we*, the present generation, are somebody's posterity. Our progenitors left *us* a rather handsome debt, a public debt composed of national, state, county and municipal obligations. No doubt some of our forbears said it was a shame to leave so much debt for *their* posterity — meaning us. But those who had the political numbers necessary to create the situation thought otherwise. They said a number of things about it. Some of them said that good, heavy taxation is always a spur to initiative and industry. That there is a spark of truth in the statement cannot be denied. Well, the next generation ought not suffer from lack of this provocation to labor.

Others said that since they were spending the money (borrowing it first) for improvements and enterprises that would be lasting benefits, it was only fair that their children and grandchildren should defray *some* of the charges. What they really meant was, that the children and grandchildren should inherit *most* of the charges — but it is never good form to declare exactly what you

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mean in such delicate matters. And it is interesting to note that those who create great public debts, on the ground that posterity will enjoy the fruits of the expenditures, never think it necessary to wait until posterity can exercise its own choice as to what benefits it prefers to enjoy.

Very well, then, here we are! We are posterity. Do we pay? In a limited way, we do. But it is an extremely limited way. What we do, for the most part, is to keep the service upon the debts from default — and this, most fortunately, we are able to do by reason of the constantly increasing facilities of production, and by modern deftness in the use of credit in commerce. But further than that, we are naturally intent upon spending a little money ourselves. Since it has never occurred to any large nation since antiquity (unless it was in the reign of Henry VII of England) to accumulate a treasure against a rainy day, it follows that we employ the same methods as our forefathers. We borrow against the payment by our posterity. You may be utterly certain that if our posterities are not estopped in some singular way, they will rely upon *their* posterity to settle. And so it goes.

Now, mind you, I am not scolding the young letter writer for being naïve. He is in excellent company. This tenderness for posterity has been the care of bigger men than him. Of national debt, no less a giant than Napoleon Bonaparte said: "It is immoral and destructive, silently undermining the basis of the state; it delivers the present generation to the execration of posterity." And John Ruskin, with his usual brilliant vehemence, remarked: "A nation invariably appeases its conscience with respect to an unjustified expense, by meeting it with borrowed funds; expresses its repentance of a foolish piece of business by letting its tradesmen wait for their money; and always leaves its descendants to pay for the work which

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will be of least advantage to them." Literature is bulging with statements of this kind. Even those who were most alarmed at the prodigality of their political masters, have somehow seemed to believe implicitly that posterity would have to pay.

To understand why this pathetic faith in a definite and complete payment of public debts by posterity has lasted through the years, it is necessary to appreciate how the human mind is captivated by engaging fallacies, especially in the field of economics. I say, especially in economics, because this so-called science is so inexact, and so subject to an alteration of the conditions on which it is built, that it is an unusually fertile soil for fallacies to infest. If you will remember how Cambon, one of the greatest financial minds in France in 1793, and unquestionably a man of perfect sincerity, was able to convince himself that the issue of *assignats* was sound, you will not need any further illustration of what I mean. But if there are any pessimists who desire a lush pasture of human frailties in which to browse and gloat, they need look no farther than economics.

Now, the particular fallacy of which I speak — that which presupposes the final payment of public debt by some posterity, or succession of posterities — seems to belong to what I shall call the "non-violence" fallacy. I cheerfully agree that this is not a very good term, but I can think of no better. The fallacy springs from the inability, or unwillingness of man to conceive that a carefully-wrought plan of his own can be destroyed by a relatively unimportant, or whimsical, or unethical circumstance. Yet men know perfectly well that a tiny female mosquito, loaded with germs, can topple the most perfect and healthy specimen of manhood. And the fallacy is abetted by the eagerness of enthusiastic minds to

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believe that their ecstasy is shared by their contemporaries, and will be later the delight of their children.

Consider a simple form of this fallacy, the chain-letter. Some zealot conceives the idea that if he writes a letter to ten friends, ordering each of them, under penalty of incurring a curse if they do not obey, to write to ten friends, and those to ten others, and so on — the whole world will soon be acquainted with the vast philanthropy he wishes to publish. Theoretically it would, and swiftly, too. Actually it will not. In his excitement, the circulator of the chain-letter has succumbed to the "non-violence" fallacy. He failed to realize that human beings do not act conformably. They do not even respond to self-interest. They are passionate and rebellious. The chain-letter instigator did not know that there were people who so shrink from writing ten letters of any kind, that they would go to hell first. He did not count on the violences to his scheme arising from those who merely laughed, those who swore horribly, those who put the letter in their pocket and have not yet unloaded the pocket, those who pigeonhole all important documents, and those who used the letter for wrapping a sardine-sandwich.

I will give a nobler instance of this "non-violence" fallacy. When Benjamin Franklin died in 1790, he left one thousand pounds sterling to the city of Boston, and another thousand to the city of Philadelphia, to be let out at interest to young married artificers who had served their apprenticeships honorably, and wished to set up in business. It was a charming legacy from a man who had himself struggled as a journeyman without capital. The principal was to remain intact, in each case, for one hundred years (till 1890) when it would amount, by Franklin's calculation, to 131,000 pounds. One hundred

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thousand pounds of this amount could then be spent on public works, and the remaining 31,000 pounds would continue at interest for another hundred years. At the end of the second century of the trust (1990) "the sum will be 4,061,000 pounds sterling, of which I leave, etc. etc." I owe it to the memory of the sage Franklin to add that he injected the words, "if no unfortunate accident has prevented the operation."

Franklin was half-conscious of this fallacy, but not wholly. Had he been enough struck by it, he would have left no such trust on such terms — unless (and this is possible, because he was a humorist) he knew it wouldn't work, but thought he might, from some other world, peer down here and enjoy the "operation" when it turned refractory.

In the administration of these Franklin trusts, I have never heard imputed the slightest dishonesty. Yet in 1873 John Bigelow wrote: "These bequests have failed to realize the hopes of the testator." The Boston trust had operated more successfully than that in Philadelphia, which showed a capital of something more than $53,000. If anyone shall believe that in the year 1990 the trustees in either case will have the disposal of the equivalent of four millions sterling, I suggest that he shall be crowned as the world's greatest optimist. The mathematicians will tell you what would be the result today if Socrates had put ten dollars at interest, compounded annually at four percent. But when the mathematicians have concluded their computation, I shall peevishly wreck the whole structure by remarking that financial violences would have reduced the Socratic fund to zero long before the Christian era began.

The modern political economist jeers at the simplicity of the Duke of Orléans, Regent for Louis XV, in naïvely

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accepting the scheme of that great projector and faro-bank expert, John Law. He will point out that Law himself probably, and the Duke and Abbé Dubois certainly, were the victims of a great fallacy about money. This fallacy was that money is the cause of wealth, instead of being the effect of wealth. Before Law successfully introduced his mad ideas in France, he had already tried to interest the government of Scotland. The Scotch declined; not because they pretended to know what the fallacy was, or even that there was a fallacy, but because they knew there must be a catch in it somewhere. It sounded too good to be true. There is something about a diet of oatmeal that makes one disbelieve in financial magic. The Scotch will be the last people in the world to tinker with their currency.

The modern economist is right. Law was beguiled by a fallacy. Wealth does not come from money. Money is not even wealth. Money is debt, based on existing wealth. But it is the fortune of political economy, and those who expound it, to wriggle out of one fallacy trap only to step into another. Political economy, whether one calls it a science or not, subsists upon definition. If its definitions are unsound, there is nothing left of it; for nothing is more obvious than that political economy cannot predict concrete results, and can only faintly indicate tendencies. The men who have put together the greatest fortunes, and achieved the greatest exploitations, have never been impeded by any definitions of the rules governing the creation of wealth. Instead of spelling w-i-n-d-e-r, they washed it.

In 1921 the Equitable Trust Company of New York issued a pamphlet, written by the economist, Professor E. R. A. Seligman, called "Currency Inflation and Public Debts." There is much matter of great value in this

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pamphlet, but on the very first page there occurs a definition which conceals a fallacy quite as dangerous in its way as John Law's fallacy about money. It hides the error that makes it possible for government to go on borrowing long after the individual, in a similar situation, would be an advertised insolvent. Professor Seligman says: "Public Debts are in reality nothing but *anticipated taxes*."

Here is our old friend, the "non-violence" fallacy, parading in a new uniform! Consider how the investor with money to lend is snared by this plausible thought — that the government to which he lends, and whose promissory paper in some form he takes, is to be impregnably solvent because it is merely borrowing in advance of some taxes which certainly will be collected! As it stands, the idea naturally associates itself with the most innocent borrowing of a municipality, signing a note at the bank in August for a loan which will be repaid as soon as the taxes fall due in December. That is the usual connotation of borrowing "in tax anticipation."

But that is not the chief difficulty. What is fallacious in such a definition is that it ignores the plain fact, evidenced on a thousand pages of economic history, that government borrowing, or public debt, may be an anticipation not of taxes, but of a *levy on capital*, direct or indirect, or of a grand larceny. The intent of the public as borrower, it is true, is not often fraudulent — though there are unfortunately instances of this. In such a swindling operation, the lender is immediately and personally cheated. But the greatest part of borrowing on public credit is done by those who are as ingenuous in their views of the ability and willingness of posterity to pay for dead horses, as are the lenders. David Hume remarked on this simplicity when he said: "So great dupes are the generality of man-

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kind, that, notwithstanding such a violent shock to public credit as a voluntary bankruptcy in England would occasion, it would not, probably, be long ere credit would again revive in as flourishing a condition as before."

Dupes is an ugly word; I do not know that it is well earned by those who credit government with a singular responsibility and ethical sense. However that may be, the history of public borrowing since the period when this was written by Hume indicates that the philosopher was entirely correct. Hardly more than seventy years from the time John Law ruined every creditor of France with his wild paper-money scheme, the same trick was worked all over again, from another and quainter angle, and a new set of creditors impoverished. The seeking of surplus for investment seems directed by a blind necessity in economy which can only be compared with the sexual instinct in the animal world. Perhaps there is nothing that we can do about it. But at least we need not deceive ourselves any more than we have to about the facts themselves.

If, indeed, public debts were "in reality nothing but anticipated taxes" — which would mean that posterity did pay all the debts to which it falls heir — the fact would be signalized by the phenomenon of the appearance of a generation which did no public borrowing, being sensible of the fact that its accumulation of debt was all it could handle. No such phenomenon being existent, we conclude that something happens, at intervals, that lifts the load of credit, and permits a fresh start to be made. And it is clear what happens. In creating gigantic public debt, the conditions are also created, at the very moment, for the violent extinguishment of that debt. The selfsame circumstances which convince the public, as borrower, that the debt-load is not too large, are con-

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triving to produce a situation where no possibly collectible taxes will suffice to service it.

It is easy enough to see how this works out in the case of the individual. In a boom period like that of 1922–29, private persons ran into debt to an extent which would have seemed madness even to themselves in another and soberer period; well, this very rage was part and parcel of the situation that resulted in their bankruptcy, and a general panic and depression. If it be true of the individual, it must be more true of government, for there the honor pledged is a vague and fragile thing, where no single person feels more than a fractional responsibility, and where the expenditures of vast sums are by deputy from a sprawling control.

The public debt of France, which existed when the Duke of Orléans became Regent, was practically wiped out in the flood of paper money poured upon that country by John Law and his associates. When the Prince of Conti sent his wagons full of paper into Quincampoix Street, and hauled away silver in exchange, the game was up. A sarcastic ditty sung in the streets of Paris in 1720 will seem wonderfully apt to Americans who witnessed the collapse of our own debt-madness in 1929:

> On Monday I bought share on share;
> On Tuesday I was a millionaire;
> On Wednesday took a grand abode;
> On Thursday in my carriage rode;
> On Friday drove to the Opera-ball;
> On Saturday came to the pauper's hall.

The holders of public credit were, of course, ruined in the rout of the exchange — but posterity? Did posterity pay the debts that had blithely been accumulated for them? There was nothing to pay. The debts had kindly erased themselves.

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Seventy years afterwards, however, a demagogue was able to rise in the French Parliament and thunder a plan "to liquidate the national debt of *twenty-four hundred millions*." Very modestly this gentleman, named Gouy, referred to his scheme as "grand, simple, magnificent." What was the operation? Simple indeed. It was to have the government emit twenty-four hundred millions in legal tender notes, accompanied by a law that specie should not be used in the purchase of the national lands which had been wrested from the Church. "This discourse," reported the newspapers of the period, "was loudly applauded."

If the grand, simple and magnificent plan of M. Gouy was loudly applauded by his contemporaries, it should mean nothing less than a monument to him built by a grateful posterity, because that sort of talk led directly to the cloudburst of *assignats* turned loose on the new republic by Mirabeau and his assistants. And this in turn led to the violent extinguishment of twenty-nine-thirtieths of the public debt. In other words the debt that posterity was supposed to pay, or service, was, at the moment of Gouy's inspirational speech, 2,400,000 livres. The debt which posterity really had to meet was eighty thousand. Somebody suffered a loss — but not posterity in the sense of a general public composed of taxable grandsons of prodigal grandfathers.

Without going too far abroad for our illustrations, let us consider our own American financial experience in public borrowing. The story is too long and too involved to permit more than mention of a few instances. The early colonial financial operations, as every student of American history knows, were more or less of a nightmare. Much is to be forgiven the forefathers; they labored in a new country, under hard disadvantages, and pioneering

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finance is never sound finance. The men at the helm for the most part meant to be utterly honest, but there was great poverty and deprivation, and taxes were difficult to find.

But let us see the thing candidly, reserving judgment as to the moral issue. In 1690 the Colony of Massachusetts issued paper money to pay the charges of the ill-fated expedition of Sir William Phipps. There was an over issue, with the inevitable depreciation, but by prompt action the excess paper was somehow redeemed, and the notes apparently brought to face value. But the paper, though it survived for a number of years because of the increasing population and wealth, could not bear the impact of the second expedition against Canada in 1710.

Now this paper represented a charge upon posterity no less than interest-bearing certificates would have done. Let us see what posterity had to pay. Dr. Richard Price, an eighteenth century economist, has depicted in a single graphic sentence the story of irredeemable paper currency. "Paper money," he said, "having only a local and imaginary value, can bear no alarm. It shrinks at every approach of danger. Suspicion subverts it, *and when it falls, it gives no warning but falls at once.*" I have italicized this, because it is a peculiar habit of the paper-money sickness that the patient appears for a long time to be not only in good health, but actually flourishing. He goes out some fine morning and falls dead in the street.

This is what happened in the Colony of Massachusetts. The money, when it began to slip, soon became a chaotic welter and brought on a prostration that lasted nearly forty years. Posterity, however, won another skirmish. The debt which it had been planned that the newer generations of colonials should pay, was bought in at the ratio of one to eleven: one dollar in silver for eleven

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dollars of paper. When that paper was burned, it was precisely like the joyous burning of the church mortgage, if that is ever done nowadays. The paper was part of the public debt intended to be breezed along to posterity.

Another example out of our own history is rather distasteful, but perhaps it is just as well that we should be candid in the matter of national honor as expressed in public debt. Every country has repudiated, even England — though it is only fair to say that England's record as to obligations, up to the present muddy period of Great-War debt, has been excellent. The default in the period of James II was internal and partial, and the amount involved was not, after all, very great.

But consider an external debt, contracted by the Americans when they were fighting for their independence. In 1776 or thereabout, Silas Deane, one of the colonial commissioners to France, wrote to the secret committee of Congress these words: "I should never have succeeded in fulfilling my mission here without the indefatigable, intelligent and generous efforts of M. de Beaumarchais. The United States are more indebted to him, on every account, than to any other person on this side of the ocean."

This Caron de Beaumarchais, son of a clockmaker, and author of the "Marriage of Figaro," seems indeed to have been a real friend to the colonials in their need. Beaumarchais was pleading the cause of America at the French court with all his vigor and address. By his efforts, supplies to the amount of millions were forwarded to the embattled farmers and, when the war ended, Silas Deane announced that the young empire, freed of its chains, was indebted to Beaumarchais in the sum of "about" two and a half million francs. In the natural course of events, this would be a charge on the posterity

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of the new American government, for the government at the moment required all its ready money. But it was a charge that freemen, the posterity of self-freed men, might not only be willing but eager to pay. Did they pay it? Let us see.

Friendships made in war are brittle. They are like any other alliances cemented at a gathering where the refreshments are mostly intoxicant. While the war lasts, the allies cheer each other, play each other's anthems, and utter profuse oratory about undying affection; in the cold gray dawn of expense assessment, sourness and suspicion develop and there is talk about motives. So it proved in the case of Beaumarchais. In 1793 Alexander Hamilton fixed the sum owed by the triumphant American democracy to the French sympathizer at 2,280,000 francs. After wrangling about it for a long time, Congress made a business man's offer in 1835 of 800,000 francs, take it or leave it. Some ardent mathematical spirit figured, in 1932, that if the money Silas Deane admitted was due in 1781 should carry an accumulated interest at five percent, posterity (meaning this present generation) would owe the Beaumarchais family about a billion dollars. But we (posterity) are not paying the Beaumarchais family. The theory has encountered violence. We are incurring a few expenses for *our* posterity.

While American posterity has a rather good record in the matter of meeting the federal debts, having been the only country during the nineteenth century to make real progress in sinking its public obligations, the same cannot be said for the lesser units of government, comprised within the nation.

In 1873 the British were the great creditor nation of the world, and remained so till the World War of 1914 placed that rather doubtful mantle upon the shoulders of

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the Americans. Being the greatest creditors, the British were naturally the greatest mortgagees of a great variety of posterities, of all colors, races and religions. In the year the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders was chartered in London for the purpose of wheedling, or bullying, something out of those posterities that were supposed to tax themselves to meet the debts of the fathers who had "borrowed in anticipation" — in that year, a sad survey showed that about sixty percent of all the foreign bonds held in Great Britain, were in default. Of the total amount the American States of Virginia, Indiana, Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and several others were owing great sums of money which a rebellious posterity was loath to pay. There had been other American states in the same position before, in respect to their British creditors, but Pennsylvania and Illinois liquidated their obligations in a satisfactory, if not complete, way. Most of the money had not been borrowed for the direct use of the state governments, but was in the form of guarantees of railroad developments or banking institutions; however, the effect was the same, for the honor and faith of these sovereign states was pledged in every case. In other words, the creditors were promised that posterity would pay.

In the case of Mississippi, posterity was so far from taxing itself to pay the debts of the forefathers, that even after the Supreme Court of the state declared that the debts were valid, and that honor required their payment, the legislature made it almost a fanatical article of a new Constitution that these debts should not be paid. It was said that the money had been wasted by the politicians who borrowed it. "But we lent it to you in good faith," replied the creditors. "Maybe you did," was

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the callous reply of posterity, "and let it be a lesson to you. Don't lend any more money to people like our progenitors, who talk rashly about their posterity paying the bills."

It must be distinctly understood that the state debts of which I am speaking are not the "carpet-bag" debts incurred by the southern state governments after the Civil War. Those were dishonest borrowings and hair-brained lendings, and no doubt the speculators deserved to lose. I am speaking of debts incurred long before the Civil War, when the country was in the heat of the great development of its frontiers; and the borrowing was done in Europe after such statesmen as Daniel Webster had solemnly stated to the lenders that it was "unthinkable that any American state would repudiate its obligations." Daniel Webster meant well, but he did not reckon with posterity. He was victimized by that curious "non-violence" fallacy.

The unlucky European bondholders of the defaulting American states will frankly say that because a century has passed since the defaults took place, it is impossible to arrive at exact figures of their losses. Nor is there the slightest expectation that the debts can ever be collected. The Federal Constitution protects the states from suit by foreigners; and moral suasion must be used when memories are much fresher than these are. The total amount which posterity, in eight southern states, has avoided paying is about $75,000,000 of principal and some $250,000,000 of interest. The creditors would be glad to forget the interest, if they could get the principal. But, as to that, Benjamin Franklin, who had some backward debtors in his lifetime, said of one of them that "it seemed to be against his principle to pay the interest, and against his interest to pay the principal, so he paid neither one

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nor the other." How much more applicable, this, to government debts!

Posterity erases its external debts by repudiation. In 1917 the de facto government of Russia furnished the world with a classic example of what a determined posterity can do in this line. On one day, it was indebted *to the people of France alone* in the sum of 6,738,000,000 gold francs. On the following day, it owed nobody in the world a kopeck. On the other hand, internal debts are abolished by inflation, by jiggling the currency standard, or by a cool levy on capital — which is to say, by a redistribution of the country's wealth. As it is certain that international lending is suffering, and will continue to suffer from a chill, the coming posterities will tend to employ the latter methods.

I make no prediction as to the time. When the astrologers of France were every year foretelling the death of Henry IV, that monarch drily remarked: "These fellows will sooner or later be right about it." I merely take a stand with Henry.

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Story about the Mockingbird

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

ONCE upon a time, there lived a mockingbird in the midst of a live-oak thicket in a land that was so sunny and warm that a pendant icicle would have been a rarity more strange and wonderful than a pearl of India, and where only one ancient graybeard who had outlived his three-score-years-and-ten by nearly a quarter of a century, had ever seen it snow.

There the Cherokee roses bloomed even in December. There the winter grass and the winter oats were more green than virgin emeralds. There, finally, the only way that you could tell when autumn had belately arrived, was that the small, clustered scrub oaks were like brush fires; and that the leaves on the sweetgums turned to slightly tarnished bronze; and that the vivid, angry rattlesnake with his flat, viciously fanged head and his handsome diamond-shaped markings, slumbered lethargically in his hole under a pine stump, and did not coil with menace when you approached him, or lift up his tail with twelve rattles and a button, making it sing like a whole hive of much-disturbed bees.

And all summer long, and for a good part of the winter as well, this mockingbird sang. He ate nothing but slugs and worms and grasshoppers and caterpillars and small beetles, but in spite of this earthy diet, his song lifted up to heaven. And he sang variously and richly, and he sang in many ways.

At sun-up, when the dew still was a-glister on the oat awns and on the satsuma trees, he sang as the brown thrush does; and the song was as bright as the dewdrops themselves, and as ravishingly sweet as those waxen,

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fragrant blossoms that would one day be round fruit even redder and more luminous than gold. It was shy, too, as the ferns in the woodland where the brown thrush loves to go. At noon, he cawed like a catbird, and it was extraordinary that a bird so melodious could become so harsh. But at that time of the day, all sounds are rasping. The locusts saw back and forward monotonously, and the crows, floating overhead like shadows, say: "Haw? . . . Haw? . . ." more like someone laughing disconsolately, than like someone laughing sarcastically. At that time of the day, only the lowing of distant cattle is musical; only the far "Coo-oo! Coo-oo! Coo-oo!" of the pink-footed, iridescent mourning dove lulls you to sleep. In the evening, he whistled like a bob-white or shrilled like a killy hawk. He had also learned by heart, and he sang when inclined to, the notes of the song-sparrow, and the lark, and the peabody bird, and even the tune of the cardinal, which is just like an old-fashioned music box — if you can imagine that it has been partly broken, so that it only goes go far and then starts over again: tirelessly, persistently, melodiously, but with no chance of getting to the end.

But at night the mockingbird sang his own song — one which he had invented himself. Every night he sang it, but when the moon silvered his oak thicket it seemed lovelier than ever. Then indeed, it was so breathlessly beautiful that it frightened you. It was a soap-bubble of music, batted upward, allowed to fall, and then batted upward again. Just so airy. Just so opaline. And always you were afraid it would break.

Over and over again he sang it, perched on the topmost, small twig of his live-oak thicket, until the sky paled and the stars winked out one by one. Then, in a swift flutter, he went back to his nest.

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Everybody for miles around knew this mockingbird. They came to him, or they stumbled upon him, and always he left something graved upon their hearts.

One day a cropper's woman passed that way. She was little more than forty years old, but so hard had been the life she had lived, and so few had been her comforts, that her hair was dry and wispy, and her face bitten into with deep lines.

She heard the bird sing and she listened to him. She listened until he had sung his song through, and then she smiled.

After that, she talked — almost to herself.

"Hit do be so purty," she said, "that I most cain't believe in it. I jest *think* thet he's a-singin' there."

But the mockingbird *was* singing, and as long as he sang she forgot everything that had ever happened to her. She forgot that she had borne eleven children, four of whom were dead and under the ground, and one of whom was in state prison. She forgot her long days behind the plough handles when she had been obliged to work harder than a nigger. She forgot her man who went plumb near clean outen his head on corn whisky every time he got a dollar in his jeans, and who then often used to beat her until she was blue all over. She forgot the corn she had to make, and the 'taters she had to hoe, and the cow she had to milk, and the patching she had to do, and all the worriment. She was a young girl once again, and she peered out half shyly from behind a sunbonnet, and was embarrassed because a man looked at her who was a stranger, and she had shabby clothes.

The next person to come along was a preacher. He had on a gray suit but a black hat and a stringy white tie. His soft face was the color of mildewed parchment, and

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his thin lips were pinched together into an expression of self-righteous lack of sympathy. His hands were clasped behind his back and he looked downward as he walked. For he was meditating next Sunday's sermon.

"But it shall come to pass," was the text which he meditated, "if thou will not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all His commandments and His statutes, that all these curses shall come upon thee and shall overtake thee. Cursed shall thou be in the city and cursed shall thou be in the field. Cursed shall be thy basket and thy store. Cursed shall be the fruit of thy body and the fruit of thy land, the increase of thy kine and flocks of thy sheep. Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out."

Then he considered how he would elaborate on this text, and his brow beetled with anger, until the veins on his forehead stood out in throbbing, purple ridges; until his face flushed so that you feared an apoplexy.

All His commandments . . .

One after another he enumerated what they were, cutting out, with a kind of savage exultation, every single thing that seemed light and lovely, gay and beautiful, natural and spontaneous, harmless and inevitable. Singing was forbidden (except in the church). Dancing was forbidden. Lovemaking and the responses of youth were forbidden. So was the playing of games. Each one of these things he interdicted individually, giving them the ugliest names at his command. He had a plethora of ugly names and he took — somehow it seemed — libidinous pleasure in uttering them. It was as if he got his lustful delights vicariously, by denouncing the reasonable delights of everybody else.

Next he came to the punishments.

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He preached Hell, and he preached it very vividly.

"Have yer ever seen a bresh fire? Do yer know just how hot it would be if you was tied up to one of those slash pines when the fire came a running through the briars and the broomstraw? It would be hot, wouldn't it? Well, Hell's jest that hot only a thousand times hotter. You'd be burned to ashes if you was tied to one of those trees and you'd be burned in a minute. But you won't burn to ashes in Hell's fires in a minute. They'll keep burning forever.

"Have yer ever ploughed behind a mule on a sizzling August day when there wasn't even a strip of shade within a mile? Maybe yer sweated some and maybe yer was right smart thirsty. So yer unhitched yer mule and yer went to a little branch that was in the nearest woods and that water tasted like milk and honey to yer. Well, you'll be thirstier than that in Hell, and there won't be a branch to go to. There won't even be a puddle for yer to dip yer han' in. The rich man was in Hell and he looked across to Heaven and he begged God to let Abraham only moisten his finger and wet his lips with it. But God didn't let Abraham go, for He can be a wrathful God when yer've broken His laws. It'll be like that in Hell.

"Have yer ever? . . ." Thus savagely he was about to go on. But then suddenly the bird sang — clearly, coolly, like a fountain. And a new text came into the preacher's mind, and this time it was a loving text.

"And God blessed them, and God said unto them be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth. And God saw everything that He had made and behold it was very good."

And to the preacher, it seemed very good also. He too smiled and he whistled a snatch of song. It was not a hymn he whistled but a country reel — gay, lively, and

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perhaps even a trifle ribald. And he decided that he would not tell the brethern and the sistern that it was sin and damnation to dance and to frolic, for the Lord God who made heaven and earth must have made frolicking and dancing too, along with all the other things which His mighty hands had shaped; and the Lord God Almighty must have given his people the hearts and the feet to enjoy frolicking and dancing; and the Lord God Almighty must have known what He was doing.

It is true that this was only a thought, and that when the Lord's Day actually came the preacher gave his customary sort of sermon. But the one kindly thought that had ever entered the preacher's head was put there by the mockingbird, singing from his topmost twig.

After the preacher, an old negro sauntered past. The wool upon the head of this old negro was as white as are the bolls of cotton when they are just ready for picking; his eyes were watery and brown; and he had only two front teeth and none in back whatsoever. But when he heard the mockingbird sing, he started to skip into the air for sheer joy, and to caper like a young goat.

"Geeee-money!" he cried. "Jest hearken to thet mockingbird a-tunin' up."

Then the old negro reflected. "I expects," he said suddenly, "when I gits home the old 'oman will have a nice pot of white bacon an' collard greens a-skimmering on the stove for me." His mouth watered just thinking about it, and he chuckled until his eyes overflowed.

That was the way the song of the mockingbird affected the old negro.

Of course, every pair of lovers who passed by the place where the mockingbird sang, felt obliged to kiss and hug. But that hardly counts, for all lovers are afflicted with a

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strange and unaccountable disease which is perhaps a form of mania. When the sun shines, they feel obliged to kiss. When the rain rains, they feel obliged to kiss. When they have good tidings, they feel obliged to kiss. When they have bad tidings they feel obliged to kiss. And so likewise when they have made money or lost money, quarreled or not quarreled, been given their parents' approval or told they must never see each other again, felt happy, or unhappy, well or sick, or even for no reason at all. So naturally when the mockingbird sang, every pair of lovers that passed his live-oak thicket hugged and kissed. It was the only thing they knew how to do.

But that did not keep the mockingbird from being fully as pleased. In fact, he liked their tribute best of any tribute, for he said it was spontaneous. But he liked all the tributes, and everybody who praised him had, he knew, good judgment.

"I am a great poet," he said, "I must be, since I please so many people. I have the true lyrical gift. And I am versatile. I am not one of those poets who have only one theme which they do over and over again until it has grown stale. I have many moods. And if one does not take the fancy of the discriminate public, another will. After I am dead, I will be remembered. Already I have been reprinted in almost countless anthologies."

His heart bounded as he said this. He flew straight to the top of his live-oak thicket where he swelled his gray throat and started to sing again. And this time he sang sweetlier than he had ever sung before.

But one day there came to the live-oak thicket where the mockingbird sang, a listener who was not moved in any way whatsoever. He did not lose all the cares of intervening years like the worn woman did. He was not

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made, all of a sudden, kindly and tolerant like the black-hatted preacher. He did not caper like the old negro. Needless to say, he did not hug and kiss anybody, not even himself.

"Love," he would have informed you if you had asked him, "is a mere act. It is a mere physical function. As to the souls of lovers, don't talk tommyrot. What they are looking for is a good —."

And he named what they were looking for, using the shortest and most explicit words at his command. For he enjoyed shocking the Philistines.

He was a little man, middle-aged, with pinch-nose glasses; not so much bald as running towards the baldish; and with a taut nervous look about his forehead which was etched deeply with parallel, worried grooves. His hands were effeminate, or at least their gestures were, though he wore a manly enough rough tweed suit, and though he smoked a very foul pipe. He did not come from this warm land, but was there on a vacation. He hopped very much like an aggressive English sparrow, and he had an English sparrow's mannerism of cocking his head to one side. In his arms, he carried a bundle of all the latest books.

He sat down under the mockingbird's thicket and began to read.

Then the mockingbird sang.

First of all, he sang like a woodthrush, and the notes flowed away from him like water in a small branch that has been filled full to the brim, so that it splashes over lucent stones, making miniature waterfalls, and bubbles under moss-grown sweetgum logs, and glides around the roots of cypresses that seem just as gray as ghosts. Then he attempted the song of the vireo. Next, he took up the notes of the bobolink, and of the robin, and of the chip-

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ping sparrow. Last of all, he swelled his taupe throat and started just two or three bars of his own song. After which, he stopped.

The little man looked up. He even went so far as to lay down the book he was reading and to take off his eyeglasses, which he wiped.

"I suppose," he said patronizingly, "that you are under the impression that you are a poet."

"*Tweet*," answered the mockingbird. "*Tirrel-tirrel-tirrel*. Well, sir, I do the best I can."

"Hmm!" thought out loud the little man and a whole dictionary could hardly have said more than that "Hmm!" did.

He took out a pencil, and he tapped with it upon his fingernails.

But at last he spoke.

"Have you ever heard a wild canary?" he asked suddenly.

"No," replied the mockingbird.

"Have you ever heard a nightingale?"

"I'm afraid that I haven't, sir."

"Have you ever heard a bulbul?"

The mockingbird was obliged to respond that he had not.

Then the little man rose, burning with strange joy, and pointed his finger at the mockingbird.

"For your own good I am going to be frank with you," he cried. "You may possibly be on the way, but you have certainly not yet gotten there. Your verse technique is very faulty. In that respect, you are far behind the wild canary, and your feeling is not deep like the nightingale's. As for the bulbul — ah my dear fellow, if you had ever heard the bulbul! Worst of all, you are not even original. Your song simply reflects what you

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have heard and the reflection is a blurred one at that. And you are not vital. You have nothing in common with the spirit of the times. The modern tempo is a more strident one. Take the raven, for example, or the screech owl. It is an old-fashioned idea to look for beauty. We must look for life in the raw. And you have no social sense. And you sing simply because you enjoy singing."

After that the little man changed his tone.

"Please do not thank us," he said in his most graciously condescending manner for he had by now completely forgotten he was not writing an editorial, "for offering you this helpful advice. It is our bounden duty as a man of intelligence to call the attention of the reading public to all spurious writing. Besides we are glad to do it. It makes us feel good."

Then he put on his glasses again and went back to his books.

And this time having his pencil ready, he made comments in their margins.

"Rotten!"

"Bad grammar!"

"Puerile!"

"Tripe!"

"Second-hand Masefield!"

"This is inaccurate!"

"Almost bad enough to be a best-seller!"

(It should be noted that the little man had a fierce, almost orgiastic prejudice against anyone liking anything well enough to pay money for it.)

And his pulse throbbed with what he supposed was life.

Now the first thing that the mockingbird did after listening to the little man's attack was to fly into a fury.

"Ignorant ass!" he said. "And what does he know

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about singing? And who does he think he is to have the nerve to criticize me? Can he sing himself? I for one would like to hear him."

Next he felt crushed.

"After all, he has heard many songs and he must know his business. I am no good. Nobody but fools have ever praised me."

Then he philosophized.

"But he did say that I am on my way and that I might sometime get there."

After that, he had an idea.

"I am not afraid of work. I will hunt out the wild canary wherever he may be and will learn how he manages his trills."

Then he had a second idea.

"I am not afraid of emotion. I will go to the nightingale and ask him to tell me where he gets his feeling."

Last of all, he had a third idea.

"I am not afraid of wonder. I will find also the bulbul and discover just exactly what his magic is."

Presently he was in the air.

He flew for six days and six nights. First, he flew over wide, red country where black men with dark bay mules trampled under the gay, flowering cotton and the green, tender-leafed tobacco, it having been recently discovered by the wise men that the way to produce wealth in land that has long known want, is to destroy half of what you already have. Then, he flew over a marshy savannah country where snowy egrets rose up out of the reeds and lily pads of a semi-tropical river, and where blue herons beat their wings like storm clouds. Then he flew over the sea.

On the seventh morning, he came to a lapis lazuli island that rose from an ocean which was made of tur-

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quoise matrix. The top of this island was a tall mountain that was white the year round, and its base was the slow surf. All down its sides were terraces, and vines, and white houses with red roofs, and more flowers than even the mockingbird had ever seen, and there perched on a bougainvillea was a small bird who was yellow as beaten gold except for his night-black wings.

The mockingbird flew over to him.

"Bird," he said to him, "you look kind in the face. May I trouble you with a question?"

"Gladly," replied the bird.

"Where," demanded the mockingbird, "can I find a canary?"

"I am a canary," answered the small bird.

"Ah then," cried the mockingbird, "ah then, oh canary, will you sing for me? Six days and six nights have I flown over land and sea only to hear you sing. For I have heard there is no singing like to it in the wide world. I am a singer myself, and I wish, canary, to learn your trills and your arpeggios."

The canary swelled with pride.

He fancied his abilities, as most artists do, but he had no real idea that they were known so far from home.

"I would be delighted to," he told the mockingbird.

And he began.

First he trilled a high note. Then a low one. Then he trilled from low to high, and from high to low, and from low to high again. Then he tried three high notes, followed in quick succession by three low ones. Then he tried variation after variation, until the hills and valleys of that lush land, where a steady trade wind blows night and day, and where it is never either hot or cold, was vibrant with melodies; and until all other sounds were hushed; and until the brown islanders came out from

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their cottages and listened — the men in white trousers and the women with flowers in their hair — saying that they had not heard the canary sing with such virtuosity ever before.

At last, the canary stopped.

Then the mockingbird spoke to him.

"May I now try?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the canary.

So the mockingbird began, and note after note he repeated the song of the canary, until you would have said that there were two canaries who sang there, or else that there was a most extraordinary echo. But the mockingbird's voice was stronger than the voice of the canary, so that when he sang, his song even reached the boats coming back across the bay.

"Listen to the canary," said the fishermen as they trimmed the tarred sheets to meet a closer slant of breeze. "He must surely be in love. Certainly he has never sung like this before."

And they, too, thought of their own loves, as they came back across the bay.

When he had finished, the mockingbird turned to the canary.

"Have I learned it?" he asked.

"Every note," replied the canary.

"Then I must be on my way," said the mockingbird. "Thank you, canary, for your kind lessons. I will tell all who praise me that you were my master."

And the mockingbird started to go.

But just as he was poising his wings, the canary asked him a question.

"Why was it," he asked, "that you were so anxious to learn my song?"

"A man told me," replied the mockingbird, "that I

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did not sing as skilfully as canaries do. In fact, he said that I had no technique. So I made up my mind to learn technique."

"What sort of a man?" asked the canary.

"Small," answered the mockingbird.

"Bald?"

"Yes, bald."

"And somewhat worried?"

"Yes, he struck me so."

Then the canary laughed really loud.

"And did he wear pinch-nose glasses?"

"They fastened to his nose just as crabs might."

"And were his hands effeminate? Or at least did he make somewhat effeminate gestures with them?"

"He did," said the mockingbird.

"And did he wear a tweed suit and smoke a very foul pipe?"

"Yes."

"And did he hop like an English sparrow?"

"Most assuredly."

"And in his arms did he carry all the latest books?"

The mockingbird acknowledged this to be the case, and the canary gave a tuneful peep of joy.

"I know him too," cried the canary. "He came here on a world cruise only a year ago. He had a lot of ladies in tow, but he talked even more than they did."

"Did he hear you sing?"

"Did — he — hear — me — sing?" echoed the canary. "Yes, he heard me sing all right."

"What did he say to you?"

"He told me very frankly that I mustn't get the idea that twittering was the whole thing. 'Anybody can string sounds together,' he said, 'and fool the gullible. What you need is some real depth of feeling.'"

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"Well," continued the canary, "I too must be on my way. So good-bye and good luck to you."

He flew off to his nest in the blue hills.

The mockingbird next sought out the nightingale. He found her in an old garden, by a white wall on a hill set with cypresses that looked down upon a gracious city, wherein was more beauty than the hands of man had ever assembled in one place — more exquisite madonnas whose robes were flame-red and sea-blue and whose hair was actual beaten gold leaf; more figures of delicately wrought bronze — Perseus's with the head of the Gorgon, wreathèd Triton's, shaggy Silenus's; more breath-taking edifices; more statues of clean white marble, such as the active young man who stood in the central piazza and was called David, though he looked more like the god Adonis, which he probably was.

The brown bird was poised in a hedge of ilex trees and she sang over and over again her ancient song of throaty sorrow.

"Oh, Procne!" she sang. "Oh, cruel Tereus! Oh murdered Itylus!"

And so vibrant was her grief that it seemed almost as though the heart-rending deed which she lamented had happened only yesterday.

But it took place three thousand years ago.

The mockingbird lighted on an adjacent twig and addressed the sweet singer.

"Brown bird," he said, "I can tell from your voice that you have a warm and sympathetic heart. Will you answer me a question?"

"Gladly," responded the brown bird.

"Where," asked the mockingbird, "can I find the nightingale?"

"I," said the brown bird, "am the nightingale."

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Then the mockingbird knew that the second part of his quest was done.

When he had concluded his business, it was much as it had been on the isle. Two nightingales sang over the city, and the voice of the second one was so much richer than the first one that even in that place where nightingales are more common than sparrows, people paused to listen.

A poet passed by.

"Hearken unto Philomel!" he said. "Surely it cannot be her old grief that she is singing. Surely she must have found a new grief. Perhaps she is in love once again and her new love has not been faithful to her. Or possibly she is sorrowful because it is now spring, and all things are being born anew, and that doth infallibly remind her of death. And there are many other reasons why she might be sorrowful."

Then the poet, who in private life was a merry enough fellow with an adequate income and a buxom wife of whom he was really very fond, thought up, one after another, all those moving sorrows which a poet ought to have. And presently he began to write a poem.

The mockingbird now prepared to say good-bye.

"I thank you with all my heart," he told the nightingale. "Is there anything I can do in return?"

"Only one thing," said the nightingale.

"What is that?"

"Answer me something I would ask you."

"Cheerfully," replied the mockingbird.

"Why is it," asked the nightingale, "that you wished to learn my song?"

"I will tell you," said the mockingbird. "A man said to me one time that I did not sing with feeling as the nightingale."

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"Was he a small man?" asked the nightingale.

"Yes."

"Bald?"

"As an eagle's head."

"Worried-looking?"

"Certainly he was worried-looking."

He went through the rest of the description, and each time the mockingbird said, "Yes."

"I know him," exlaimed the nightingale. "He spent a whole winter here being scornful about Dante, and if he wasn't wordy about it!"

"Did he hear you sing?" asked the mockingbird.

"He did," said the nightingale.

"What did he say?"

"He said anybody can fake feeling, and that sentimentalists had had their day. He said that I was far too fluent. He called me Guido Reni. He told me to get next to life and to be crude and real. He said that I was obvious."

"What did you do?" asked the mockingbird.

"Kept on singing," said the nightingale.

And the brown bird flew once again into her hedge.

It was so, too, with the bulbul. To find this dulcet voice, the mockingbird had not only to travel thousands and thousands of miles, but also to enter a world that never was. He found the bulbul in the pages of the Arabian Nights. Nearby was a brass horse that would take you around the world for the mere turning of a nut. In an adjacent chapter was Ali Baba. Close at hand was Aladdin. And there were djinns and genii and there was Haroun al Raschid and Sinbad, and any donkey you treated kindly or cruelly might be a beautiful princess or the eldest son of the Sultan, and any fish you ate for dinner might have in its belly a goldpiece that would buy the world.

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And what the little man had said to the bulbul was most severe of all.

"For he told me," the bulbul said after the mockingbird had learned his magic, "that I was as pure a work of fiction as anything in the pages where I live. He said that I not only did not exist, but that I never had existed. He said that I was nothing but a word and that it was not even certain that any particular species was intended by me. He said that in that respect I was like Homer. He said that even if I had existed, my songs weren't so much when you came to listen to them. He said that we were all dazzled by the classics, which were really very dull, and afraid to say we didn't like them. He said that any ordinary mockingbird could sing as well as I did if we were only honest enough to say so."

"Did he say that?" cried the mockingbird.

"He did," said the bulbul.

"Why what gall!" shouted the mockingbird. "Why what impertinence! Why the conceit of the man!"

He could hardly wait until he got back again to tell the little man just what he thought.

And yet when he did reach his live-oak thicket, he did nothing of the sort. For the little man — strange as it may seem — was now singing himself, and the mockingbird respected every kind of song.

It was an unusual song, more like a grasshopper's than a bird's, and it came not from the little man himself, but from a machine which he manipulated. It consisted of a series of irregular groups of clicks followed at intervals by a clear-ringing bell. Gripped in the mandibles of this machine was a sheet of white paper and every time the bell rang this paper jumped upward a little. On the paper were rows of queer black marks.

The mockingbird read these black marks though it is

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not certain that he knew just what was meant by them, and it is perhaps quite as well.

"Shakespeare was no great shakes himself," said the first of them.

"John Milton was worse lost than his Paradise."

"Byron by and large was pretty awful."

"Shelley was pretty soft-shelled, when you come to think of it."

"Walt Whitman used a lot of words."

There were other marks too, and they all seemed to be mad at something or somebody. Yet the little man looked almost exquisitely happy.

At last, he appeared to be finished.

"WEEKLY ARTICLE," he clicked out in black letters that were larger than the ones used before.

Then he pulled all the paper out of the machine, folded it and put it in his pocket.

After which the little man strode off down the path.

As soon as he had gone, the mockingbird flew up into his tree. He tried a bar of song. It seemed to go well. He tried another bar. Presently he started singing just as he had always sung, until the fields rang with melody.

Shortly afterwards the woman went by. Her face lost its cares as she listened to him.

Then the preacher.

Then the old negro.

Last of all, a young man and a young woman. Their arms were twined together and they looked at each other as if no other people existed in the whole world.

When they passed the mockingbird, it was the young girl who spoke.

"It sure is a pretty day," she said.

"It's pretty all right," agreed the young man.

"Listen to thet mockingbird," said the girl.

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"He's a-singin'," agreed the young man.

"I don't reckon I never heard anything lovelier than the way he's singing," said the girl.

The young man looked at her.

"Sugar," he said, "yore eyes are lovelier. And yore heart is lovelier. And you yoreself are lovelier."

Then he put his arms around her and kissed her.

The mockingbird now knew that everything was as it should be. While they were talking he had flown down so as to be nearer and to hear all they said, but now he darted once again to the topmost twig. He began to sing again. He swelled his gray throat and poured out undiluted tunefulness. Never had he sung sweetlier before.

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Littoral Dawn

FRANCES FROST

The full moon burned the western slope of dark,
the shadow of light crept faintly up the east;
and on the shore the wet irregular mark
of water, curving landward from the vast
tides breaking gold on Africa, lay scratched
by gull-tracks; and the breaking foam was white
with moonlight while the delicate unmatched
amber slowly spread behind the flight
of black and silent birds. Slowly the sand
revealed what the moon had silvered secretly —
the weedy litter, the ocean-tarnished hull,
storm-shattered mast and salty-rusted band
of copper, severed crab-claw, fluted shell —
and night and day crossed lances on that sea.

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Tomorrow's Broadcast

DAVIDSON TAYLOR

MOST men in radio are beginning to see that they have at their disposal an entirely new medium, requiring a unique approach. It is not enough to transfer to the air the materials of stage, concert hall and lecture platform. The time has arrived when all radio programs must be planned in terms of radio itself. Tomorrow's broadcast must become specifically a product of the medium.

I believe that in the immediate future, serious composers will write increasingly in terms of the microphone. Dramatists will learn to write specifically for the air, and radio will get better authors who will be better paid. Announcing will become simpler and more natural, and eyewitness reports of news while it is happening will multiply. The microphone will restore the poet's vocal contact with his audience, and radio will markedly affect the common speech.

Recently a man brought me an arrangement of César Franck's D Minor Symphony for broadcasting. At first I thought him presumptuous and ridiculous, but he insisted, "If Franck had written for the microphone, he would have scored his symphony differently."

Carlos Chavez, the distinguished Mexican composer who conducts the Orquesta Sinfonica de Mexico, believes that in twenty years there will be no more concerts in the present sense, and that all real musical events will happen on the air. He says, "The old principles of instrumentation have broken down. No composer can consider himself informed if he does not know the microphone. Is it not absurd to compose for two thousand people in a concert

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hall when there are two million people listening to your music on the air?"

Mr. Chavez admits that the gregariousness of music-lovers will continue to draw them together for certain musico-social events. But more musicians will come to agree with the American composer Roy Harris, who says, "I am interested in writing for the microphone, because I am convinced that that way lies the future of music."

In the past, composers have written for entirely different acoustic conditions from those which prevail in broadcasting studios. Their audience was visible and numerable, and it was listening in a home or hall where auditory conditions were comparatively inflexible.

With radio, the microphone itself almost becomes an instrument, since it can establish within the orchestra tonal relations unheard of twenty years ago. The sounds of certain trumpet mutes and of a subtone clarinet are useless in a hall, because they are inaudible to the audience. Yet both these tones can be placed so near the electrical ear that they will dominate the whole orchestral fabric. There is no note of any instrument within the audible scale which cannot be employed in any desired relationship to the ensemble. Though one would scarcely recommend it, a concerto can be written for ukulele or celesta, and the solo part be made to drown a symphony's fortissimo.

Some day you will hear broadcast the adagio of a clarinet concerto written entirely for subtone, a new thing of beauty. Roy Harris used to play the clarinet. He is contemplating such an adagio.

Naturally, radio cannot alter the mathematics of music nor the physics of tone, but it has a great deal to contribute toward color and harmony. Mr. Harris also says, "Suppose, in some chord, you want the third to sound:

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the man who has that note can stand up in front of the microphone."

It very well may be that operas will be written for broadcasting which will demand that singers use half-voice or less in intimate passages. No longer is it needful for lovers in a music drama to bawl out tender sentiments at the top of their lungs. The composer of the future should not overlook the crooner, who gets closer to his audience than any concert singer. And besides the crooners, there are many other singers who have beautiful small voices which now may have the opportunity they have thus far lacked.

Most of the works hitherto composed for radio have been nothing more than concert pieces commissioned by the broadcasters. Potentially, indeed, the radio companies are the Brandenburgs, the Haffners, and the Esterhazys of today, since they have the funds, the orchestras and the audiences.

But, though there have been a few compositions which were intended for the studio especially, the jazz arrangers are far ahead of the serious composers in writing for broadcasting. Every radio producer, conductor, and arranger knows that certain combinations and figurations do not "mike" well. They all know too that broadcasting demands a new approach to instrumentation.

Radio has been active in adapting itself to the ideas of composers. It now devolves upon composers to create for the microphone.

A good many plays have been written for the air, but the writers must realize that radio is a new form, and it will pay them to learn writing for the ear alone. Had Shakespeare written "King Richard the Third" for broadcasting, he could have found a more convincing way to dramatize the dream of Clarence:

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As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears.

Think what an extraordinary sound sequence could be made of the tossing vessel, the falling Gloster, the struggle on the hatches, the engulfing waves.

Radio drama excels in two fields: realism and fantasy. Nothing is too incredible or too spectacular to be made convincing on the air. Beyond all other forms of drama, radio plays call for exercise of the imagination. By simple, economical means, the microphone suggests the crashing of a plane, the passing of an army, the coming of a hurricane, and these things are believable. The realistic simulation of catastrophe may be taken for granted. It is a complex and adroit trickery, embracing the use of peas in a football bladder to sound like Big Bertha on the one hand, and three men whistling in relays to sound like Alice falling down the rabbit hole on the other.

I do not think that any medium surpasses radio drama in its ability to convey horror. Grand Guignol is coming on the air, and it will certainly be successful.

Let us single out a radio drama in which the listener was compelled to experience the sensation of terror. Irving Reis, a radio engineer, adapted for the air "The Half Pint Flask" by DuBose Heyward. In the story, a scientist who collects old glass takes a bottle from a negro grave on an island off the Carolina coast. A voodoo spell invoked by the natives conjures up an apparition which lures him almost to his doom.

To indicate the voodoo influence, Mr. Reis devised a

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stylized sound effect consisting of a discord hummed by chorus, followed by two taps with dried sticks. The pitch and volume of the discord were raised gradually as the spell began to work, and the tempo was increased. When the evocation appeared to torture the scientist, a woman's voice was imparted an eerie quality by acoustic and electrical means.

Both these devices sound ordinary enough, but they were almost unbearable set against the small talk of two men in a camp and the human sounds of clinking glass and wheels on sand. Though I produced the broadcast, and had rehearsed the play all day; though all the actors were my friends; though I could watch them through the control room window, and though I had helped devise the mechanisms, the supernatural episodes were still a terrible bewitchment. The hair stood up along my neck. Some listeners dreamed about "The Half Pint Flask" for nights on end.

To my knowledge, only one program has been projected purely on a sound effects basis — a fifteen-minute play in which the story is related by sound alone. The tale will be a simple melodrama; a man opens a door stealthily; he walks across the floor; he shoots someone, who falls from the bed with a thud; he hears somebody coming, and hides in a closet where he kicks some shoes and knocks down a box from a shelf; the body is discovered while the murderer breathes stertorously inside the closet; the police are whistled in; they open the closet door and clamp the handcuffs on him.

The plot is a little more ingenious than this, but the author is not at all sure that the audience will understand what is going on, no matter how simple he makes it. Sound effects are supplementary, words and music are primary. Some radio writers are too much in love with

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sound effects, and the effects drown out the dialogue. They must learn to convey the action by the words.

The trend in announcing seems to be toward simplicity. No longer is it considered axiomatic that the public must be punch-drunk before it buys, nor that the English language is most articulate when it is most academic. The vogues for forced heartiness and perfect "diction" are on the wane. Announcers are aware that a man who starts fortissimo and presto has no crescendo and accelerando. Executives are coming to feel that language is created not by lexicographers and grammarians, but by the people who speak it.

The immediate reporting of news in the making will increase in radio, though it cannot seriously threaten to displace the printed word. A man with a pencil and a nickel for the telephone can report a murder. Radio cannot cover the event better unless the murderer announces his intention in advance and proceeds to massacre on schedule. The formality of type may be foregone if the event is predictable, localized and punctual. In most cases, it takes more time to set up radio equipment and establish connection with a station than it does to telephone a story, have it written and get it on the street. But the radio reporter (as distinguished from the reading announcer or news commentator) is a professional eyewitness, and he is constantly becoming better trained. If his report is less mature, it is also likely to be less editorial. Probably the most exciting broadcasts to hear, and certainly the most exciting to make, are news broadcasts from the field — the gridiron, the stratosphere, the corridors of Congress, the Polar caps, the battle front. "News," said a newspaper man, "is any fracas." Radio is developing the habit of being on hand at all important fracases.

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The microphone has enormously increased the poet's audience, and gradually he is regaining the privilege of addressing his public in person, as he did in the days of the minnesingers and the troubadours. In time, new minstrels will speak their rhythms in the homes of those who can be moved by poetry. A great many poems are impotent when mute. They will be given tongue one day.

Vachel Lindsay used to read his poems "to any human who would listen," and he read them over and over until they "sounded right." He objected to having his verses set to music, because, he said, "I furnish the tune myself. Musicians would set my swan song to chipmunk music, and my chipmunk song to swan music." On the margins of his poems, he provided directions for reading them aloud — a device at least as old as the Psalms. It is unfortunate that Mr. Lindsay did not live to sound his rhythms on the microphone.

The nature of the medium has given radio the widest audience ever reached by speeches, poems, news and drama in audible form. The power of the spoken word has never been so great. Radio will eventually affect the style of modern speech tremendously. Many of the locutions which have crept into the vernacular from a radio origination are catchwords of comedians. However, you will scarcely find a listener, no matter what his intelligence, who has no favorite turn of phrase heard on the air, or who will not offer impromptu imitations of a noted radio voice uttering a characteristic phrase.

It is observed that President Roosevelt is much more effective in his "fireside chats" than in his speeches which are broadcast. The "fireside chats" are especially written with the medium in mind. A good radio style resembles a good newswriting style, but it must have another element which newswriting need not invariably possess — rhythm.

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Perhaps in no other form of writing is prose cadence so important.

By means of radio, it is possible to form an opinion not only of a statesman's utterances, but also of him as a man. So long as both sides have their say, radio is an implement of democracy. But since virtually the whole electorate may now hear public figures speak, the listener is both menaced and protected by the microphone. Leaders can marshal their followers to meet a national emergency overnight. In time of war, a single speaker might sweep the country into militant hysteria during half an hour. The broadcasters guard their weapon, for it would cease to be a utility if it fell into the hands of any single group with a cause to propagate. Radio fully realizes the danger of bias. No hydra ever had so many ugly heads as a coast-to-coast network controlled by demagogues would have.

The radio medium is worthy of the best creative attention. It has been busy revivifying things old, and discovering things new. An ascending cello tone can convey the sensation of anæsthesia; music by Orlando di Lasso and the timbre of the viol di gamba have been on the air of late; little known stories of Hans Christian Andersen, who loved to tell his tales to friends, are being translated for the microphone; John Mulholland has a program of aural magic, which he developed working with the blind, ready to take the air; the Grand Guignol series may have started when you read this.

Radio has passed over some firm ground. If you heard Heifetz play the Brahms Concerto for Violin with Toscanini and the Philharmonic-Symphony, or the nightingale who sang from his nest in Pangbourne Wood, all unconscious of the microphone nearby, or the end of the last game between Notre Dame and Ohio State, take courage for tomorrow's broadcast. It's likely to be good.

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Agriculture and the Constitution

SAMUEL LUBELL

CAN the nation's agricultural problems be solved within the framework of the constitution, or is a twenty-second amendment necessary? That is the question flung into the faces of the American people by the Supreme Court's Dred Scotting of the AAA.

Liberty Leaguers and Save-the-Constitutionalists may rejoice that once again the Court has preserved "the American system," rebuked the "would-be dictator" in the White House, and reaffirmed the sacredness of States' Rights and the privilege of the farmer to scrape as much wheat as he can from his thinning top-soil. All of which makes inspiring material for Republican editorials, but which brings us no closer to a cure for the ills that have racked the farmer for more than fifteen years.

The tide of recovery may prove sufficiently strong to check a fall in farm prices for some time — particularly since current supplies of the basic farm commodities, excepting cotton, are not excessive. However, dust-storms swirling through the mid-west, the million-odd farmers on the dole, and the billion and a half tons of top-soil swept away each year through soil erosion, are ample evidence that agriculture is organically sick, apart entirely from the industrial depression that began in 1929. None but the most ostrich-minded, Pollyanna-worshiping whistler in the dark could seriously believe that a do-nothing farm policy can be persisted in for long. Even if the gay, freebooting days of the late 'twenties could be prestoed back, those were depression years for the farmer. Fettered with debt, and groaning under the double trib-

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ute of selling at world prices and buying in rigged domestic markets, the farmer cannot possibly hope for more in a return of Coolidge "normalcy" than a change from the bed of the paralytic to the crutches of the cripple.

Something must be done to replace the AAA. Probably by the time this article is read a substitute agricultural program of doubtful constitutionality will have been enacted. No doubt highly polished and alluring farm planks will be carpentered by both political parties for their presidential platforms. Yet it would be wasted effort to attempt to weigh individually the many schemes that will be proposed, the varied plans for export debentures, equalization fees, price subsidies and whatnot. Simply because the issue at stake is not a question of method but of cost — that is, for how much and for what kind of relief will the nation be willing to foot the bill? Or, to put the question more bluntly, do our politicians *dare* devise a program of agricultural relief that would even be *different* in essentials from the AAA?

In the light of the Supreme Court's decision, the phrasing of that question does seem ominous. Before debating the possible cures, let us see what the diagnosis shows. To persist in bedeviling the AAA as a bit of Rooseveltian diabolism, brewed by an un-American and impractical brain-trust — as was the fashion with G. O. P. leaders before the Court's decision — is as ridiculous as maintaining that the cause of Hitlerism was the birth of an Austrian house-painter. Dictatorships are born of the chaos that precedes them. To appreciate why the AAA came into existence, and the constitutional implications involved in the struggle to devise a substitute for it, we must first chart the whirlpooling surge of post-war agrarian forces from their origins, and rehearse agriculture's abrupt commercialization and the farmer's cruel ex-

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posure to the crushing impacts of revolutionary changes in productive technique, economic nationalism and big business monopoly.

One fact must be faced. Agriculture has been the Germany of our domestic Versailles, and the AAA was the Hitlerism generated by a system of injustices.

SIGNIFICANTLY it was around a multitude of small, self-sufficient farms that America's original conceptions of constitutional government revolved. Free, fertile land mothered a bristling, pioneering independence. A man had only to select a strong woman, bundle their belongings into a covered wagon, and go West where God was high above and governments far away. Mistakes could be committed and the soil abused with relative impunity, for rising land values quickly healed economic scars. Besides, if the earth turned barren and stubborn under exhaustive cropping, or if creditors grew too exacting, an unexploited, debt-free frontier beckoned beyond the horizon.

That was a century ago when the nation's population was three-fourths rural not urban, when farm homes housed handicraft factories, and rural families "lived at home." With the Homestead Act and the introduction of the reaper, simultaneously the last of the farmer's frontier heritage was signed away and his scale of operations expanded. From then on, agriculture steadily acquired new rigidities, with each generation becoming more firmly enmeshed in the evolving industrial and commercial mosaic. Before 1850 the agricultural picture was one of rustic simplicity, unconfused by tractors, combines or automobiles, agricultural colleges, county agents or synthetic fertilizers, Liverpool prices, coöperatives or even free silverites. By 1930 the average farmer

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was buying one-half his food in the market, instead of of raising it himself.

Swift as was agriculture's technical advance in the latter half of the nineteenth century, it remained for the war finally to shatter the self-sufficient farm unit — traditionally "the mainstay of American individualism." It was as if a film unrolling at normal speed were suddenly quickened into a jumbled rush. With all Europe clamoring for food at exorbitant prices, few farmers could resist forsaking self-sufficing for more profit-promising methods. Feverishly, to purchase land at war-inflated prices and to specialize in money crops, they plunged into debt. Mortgage indebtedness more than doubled. Turned under the plough were forty million virgin acres that became "surplus" as rapidly as Old World peasants returned to their farms. And, if the anger of the gods was still unappeased, there was America's overnight conversion from a debtor to a creditor nation, and the revolution of productive technique precipitated by the development of tractors, nitrogen fertilizers and "ersatz" chemistry.

The war-inflated land bubble burst of its own speculative pressure. What the revolutionary advance in productivity that followed did, was to wipe out those fictitious war "values" permanently. Land has traditionally been the farmer's bank. Into it he has poured the sweat of his toil, the fertility of terrific, grinding thrift. Rising land values represented the interest he drew on those deposits. With the volume of land strictly limited, and the pressure of population swelling the demand for good soils, as was the case in Ricardo's day, rentals were bound to rise. But, precisely as scientific metallurgy made possible the utilization of low-grade ores, so cheap fertilizers and power machinery rendered millions of marginal acres

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potentially productive. Abruptly the farmer's savings — the fertility that he had accumulated in his land through years of thrift — were reduced to the value of the cheap printing-press fertility turned out by the chemist and technician.

Of more far-reaching significance, since it was now physically possible to elevate the productivity of even the most marginal soils to a par with the best, prices replaced land supply as the determinant of production. Whether or not a particular plot of ground would be cultivated depended now upon whether or not the price level warranted the capital investment required to make that soil productive. A price level geared to guarantee wartime land values was obviously doomed as a mechanism for regulating production and preventing the accumulation of ruinous surpluses. Specifically, twelve cent cotton meant an inevitable expansion of competitive production abroad, for at that price the natural advantages of the South could be overcome with ease.

Thus the commercialization and industrialization of agriculture had two revolutionary results. By drastically reducing the differential superiority between good and bad lands, the 1920 mortgage debt of almost eight billions was rendered impossible of repayment. Second, by elevating capital and equipment to a position of primary importance in the farm economy, the farmer's economic existence was made inescapably dependent upon prices. Done for was the era of speculative rises in land values. Henceforth, farm prosperity, like that of any commercial enterprise, would depend upon annual profits.

The disastrous impact of a revolutionary productivity upon a capital structure rooted in the shifting sands of scarcity land values and already tottering from war excesses, with the consequent failure of orthodox deflation,

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is the root of all our agrarian ills. For agriculture to have thrived commercially, to have adjusted itself to the post-war price collapse, and to have kept pace with the steady rationalizations in production, a financial structure permitting the swift write-off of debt and obsolescence and the easy purging of the marginal producer was essential. Unfortunately the farmer's transition to the new commercial world was woefully incomplete — like a Rastignac adrift in Paris, still clinging to a rustic morality.

Where factory producers could slash operating costs, curtail production and exercise some control over prices, the farmer's major costs of production were fixed charges that swelled like a sponge with each dip of the price level. He had no choice save to expand his output in the hope of reducing the unit cost, a process of adjustment that worked havoc with farm prices. Aggravating the resultant disparity between farm and industrial incomes, were the industry-weighted tariffs enacted in the immediate post-war years.

Fifty years before, such terrific deflationary forces would have made for swift adjustment. The farmer's immediate reaction would have been the same — to grow two ears of corn where one sprouted before — but his potentialities for rationalization would have been speedily exhausted. Diminishing returns would have ground out marginal producers, and the reduced supply would soon have been balanced by the quickened demand of a rising population.

In the 'twenties, however, birthrates were slackening and consumption shifting; protectionism was further reducing effective demand — while there seemed to be no limit to the extent of productive expansion possible. It was like using a bucket to bail out a cellar being flooded

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by a tidal wave. From 1919 to 1927 in the United States, four million fewer persons were engaged in farming, nineteen million acres were withdrawn from cultivation and 76,000 farms abandoned to weeds and speculators, yet production increased by 25 percent.

When a sick man fails to purge his system of waste materials, the poisons spread, infecting hitherto healthy organs, and complications ensue. Similarly the inability to rid agriculture of marginal producers dragged farm returns wholly out of line with industrial costs. As the farmer's share of the national income dwindled steadily from 18.5 percent in 1919 to 11.1 percent in 1925 and 7.8 percent in "prosperous" 1929, the economic existence of even the most efficient farmers was menaced and the pressure for protectionism swelled ominously.

As early as 1925 the slogan "protection for all, or protection for none" was heard in the Mid-West. Threats to reduce the tariff, however, were made solely to scare industrialists into supporting some measure of farm relief. Not only was the significance of this country's conversion from a debtor to a creditor nation still unappreciated, but there was the stubborn economic fact that farmers dared not contemplate a reduction of their debt-paying power. Lower industrial costs would not ease their burden of fixed charges. If debts were to be paid, only higher prices could afford relief. And higher prices in the post-war world meant intensified protectionism. In just that fact lies the essential contradiction of the New Deal. So long as higher prices remains the administration's goal, lower tariffs are impossible.

What made this quest for higher farm prices so tragic was that almost every major nation made a similar choice, and all in the face of a revolutionary heightening of productivity. Everywhere the immediate post-war

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years brought a disparity between farm and industrial prices, and everywhere, instead of tariffs being lowered, protectionism was expanded to include agricultural products. If domestically the spur came from the fear of reducing the debt-paying power of the farmer, internationally the major cause was a parallel mania for maintaining the balance of payments and preventing the derangement of national currencies and price levels. To pay war debts and reparations, debtor nations had to restrict imports, expand exports or do both. Significantly it was Germany that inaugurated the post-war trend towards agricultural protectionism in 1925. The following year, Mussolini, who had seen the lira tumble because of a bad wheat crop that necessitated excessive imports, launched his Battle of Wheat.

Since there were too many farmers in the world, partly because of the war-time expansion of overseas acreage and partly because of the advance in productive technique, for one nation to adopt protectionist measures automatically aggravated the plight of unprotected farmers. Efficient producers were unspared, for the struggle for existence was not of individuals within a freely competitive international economy but of national agricultures, of the European peasant system versus the new overseas machine technique. With the collapse of grain prices in 1929, the agrarian war assumed a more violent phase. As nation after nation scrambled to maintain domestic farm prices above ruinous world levels, tariff retaliations, both industrial and agricultural, resulted and the sweep of nationalism gathered force.

A few facts will illustrate the completeness of this breakdown of orthodox deflation. Ten years after the war, 67 million more acres were being cultivated; from 1923 to 1931 world wheat stocks mounted by 90 percent; while

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the mortgage indebtedness of the American farmer actually continued to increase until 1928. Some reduction was effected in succeeding years, but by 1932 mortgage interest due was still 210 percent of the pre-war index while farm prices had dropped to 37 percent of the 1913 level. Translated, those figures meant that after twelve years of agricultural depression the farmer's mortgage load was still four times too heavy for the prices he was receiving. Three-quarters of his indebtedness could be written off, and then — and only then — would agriculture have shown a profit at prevailing prices.

What such a terrific write-off of farm indebtedness (i. e. capital) would have done to the credit structure of the country is revealed in Iowa mortgage studies of the State Agricultural College. From 1925 to 1930 the reduction in mortgage indebtedness was effected principally at the expense of second and third mortgages, with first mortgages remaining comparatively untouched. By 1930 the liquidation of these junior mortgages was fairly complete.

With the violent drop of farm prices in 1931, first mortgages took the center of the stage. Roughly three-quarters of these foreclosures were accounted for by insurance companies, Federal Land Banks and joint stock land banks. In 1925 this group had held only 17 percent of the foreclosures. Obviously from 1925 to 1931 a very fundamental shift had taken place in the mortgage situation. Where the earlier liquidation of indebtedness had been concerned principally with junior mortgage claims of *private investors*, by 1931 the basic values upon which the nation's *financial institutions* rested, were imperilled. It had become a crisis not of creditors versus debtors, but of credit institutions; not of individuals within the system but of the system itself.

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That the equilibrium between farm and industrial prices which prevailed before the war could not be restored through laissez-faire deflation was admitted by Republicans as early as 1929 when the Federal Farm Board was created. The Hawley-Smoot tariff was an even more vicious defiance of orthodox economics. By impeding the payment of international debts, it aggravated the financial difficulties of debtor nations, forcing them to intensify their efforts to reduce imports, expand exports, or both. As the glut of exportable surpluses mounted, domestic and world prices see-sawed apart, spurring domestic production anew and making it ever more difficult for exporters to market their produce.

Thus, ironically, the world-wide attempt to maintain domestic farm prices above world levels that was launched in 1929, served only to force prices ever lower, to perpetuate the marginal producer and to spread the poisons of disparity and uneconomic production. In some countries like Italy and Germany, artificially high grain prices disrupted livestock production; elsewhere as in France, production was spurred to such an extent that traditionally grain-deficit nations found themselves burdened with unmarketable surpluses; while in the United States and Danubian countries, price-supporting meant the loss of foreign markets. But everywhere, the net result of these efforts to keep farmers producing at a loss was the dissipation of capital that normally would have been invested in more remunerative enterprises. And everywhere the spread of economic waste was paralleled by the expansion of government intervention, by the "planned" taxation of Peter to subsidize Paul.

The significance — and danger — of this almost unconscious shift from laissez-faire to "planned" government intervention is ably summarized by the Inter-

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national Institute of Agriculture in its report on the agricultural situation in 1932.

> The advent of planning is nothing short of the beginning of a new economic era in which equilibrium, hitherto the idle goal of the competitive system, always striven for, yet never achieved, becomes the cornerstone of an economic structure carefully planned in advance.
>
> Yet with the only exception of Russia . . . planning is not . . . being adopted with . . . some deliberate scheme of reconstruction (in mind) but is being forced upon both governments and producers by their critical conditions. . . . Unless and until some of the problems created by the transition to a planned economy find a satisfactory solution, the reverse (to a higher standard of living) is more likely and standards of life will be lowered as compared with those under the competitive system.

ON THE basis of this diagnosis of our agricultural ills, it is possible to disagree violently with the nostrums suggested by New Dealers — but certainly not for reasons advanced by Republicans. G. O. P. leaders persisted in condemning the AAA as a malicious, Moscow-minded assault upon American institutions, and Roosevelt as a would-be dictator intent upon regimenting the farmer to satisfy a knavish craving for power. Yet if any criticism could have been leveled at Roosevelt with ample justification, it would have been that his New Deal resembled too much the old; that the AAA savored too strongly of the Federal Farm Board; that instead of retracing the muddling steps of Hoover, he followed along in the same direction — albeit with greater courage and speed.

Basically the cause of our farm crisis is agriculture's shift from a self-sufficient to a commercial base, a transition that has been evolving steadily ever since the signing

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of the Homestead Act and the introduction of the horse reaper. One possible alternative would be to restore the farmer to his pre-Civil War self-sufficiency, to the half-slave, half-serf economy that was shattered by the rise of northern industrialism. Unless Republicans wish to undertake this task of turning the clock back a hundred years, they must recognize the significance of agriculture's commercialization, namely that the farmer's economic existence has been rendered inescapably dependent upon prices, and that it is around prices that any program of relief must center.

Now a "prices" solution, whatever its form, can mean only the establishment of a price level that will regulate the volume of production to insure a farm income sufficient to pay the interest due and part of the principal on the farmer's mortgage. That is, prices, production and indebtedness (or invested capital) must be brought into an equilibrium that will net the farmer an annual profit.

How is the trick to be turned? Are prices to be raised, production curtailed or indebtedness scaled down? Hoover with his Farm Board tried the first and succeeded only in aggravating the crisis. When the Board wound up its operations, after a loss of more than $350,000,000 of the taxpayer's money, prices were lower, production greater and indebtedness reduced only slightly. Farmers had fewer foreign outlets for their surplus produce, and protectionism was intensified throughout the world.

Had Hoover dared, he probably would have supplemented his price-raising policies with crop reduction. As it was, he sought to induce cotton planters to destroy every third row voluntarily. Where the AAA differed from the Farm Board was that it provided a mechanism for effecting crop curtailment. Chiefly because of the drought, carry-overs were wiped out and prices raised

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somewhat. However the limitations of production control and price raising were recognized last fall when Secretary Wallace admitted that any further rise in farm prices would have to come as a result of general business improvement. Yet, at that time, the conditions for a sound, efficient agriculture were still lacking. Marginal producers had been given a new lease on life, competitive production abroad had been spurred by artificially high prices, while nationalism and big business monopoly never seemed so strongly intrenched.

Clearly the key to a balanced national agriculture lies in the reduction of farm indebtedness and the elimination of the marginal producer. Price tinkering and crop destruction can be defended as emergency measures, but a sound rural economy cannot be reëstablished until the farmer's debt load is reduced to a level that will make profitable prices low enough to discipline production and prevent the piling up of ruinous carry-overs.

In the sense that the AAA retired several million acres of sub-marginal land, reduced farm interest rates, and assisted in refinancing a small part of the nation's rural indebtedness, the New Deal recognized the vital problems of agricultural adjustment. Yet, in its major features, namely crop control and price raising, the AAA represented a compromise, a stop-gap device to postpone and dull the sharpness of the inescapable deflation that confronts American agriculture.

In the final analysis, whatever its legal form, a program of agricultural relief must fall into one of two categories. Either it tries to raise prices or to reduce debts. And there lies the dilemma of Republicans and others who would devise a substitute for the AAA. The Federal Farm Board and the experiences of every other nation that has resorted to similar price stabilization schemes,

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demonstrate beyond a doubt that a program designed exclusively to raise prices encourages production and defeats itself. The only alternatives to a price-subsidy program are the essentially conservative scheme of combining with it national crop control (as in the case of the AAA), or the far more drastic program of removing probably two million farmers from the market, of retiring from production forty to one hundred million acres, and of arbitrarily writing off of from three to five billions of farm debts.

The first of these alternatives has been declared unconstitutional, while the second would obviously transgress the due process clause so sacred to Liberty Leaguers and Save-the-Constitutionalist. Southern slaveholders rejoiced when the Supreme Court nullified the Missouri Compromise, only to lose all in the bitter struggle that was precipitated by the Dred Scott decision. The voiding of the AAA compromise may prove as hollow and ruinous a "victory" for the "money" interest.

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Words of Earth

JESSE STUART

The words of earth turn over from my plow.
I notice every shining mellow word
As it rolls over from my white mold-board.
You'd laugh to see the chattering black-birds
Following the furrows, picking at my words —
They understand the mellow words somehow.
Dirt words are words no printer sets to print
For they will never lie on the clean page.
Dirt words will never be the peoples' rage.
Dirt words will lie on pages of the world,
And speak through tender blossoms first unfurled
About the last of March or first of April —
When men go forth to plow the green-tendril,
Green words of earth are speaking to the world!

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Who Was the First American?

EDNA MULDROW

IN SOME fields of research — economics, for instance, and medicine — the layman expects controversy; while archæology and anthropology, those sciences of the remote past, he is inclined to view as fields of peaceful activity. Peaceful? Only to the superficial eye. Over the one question of the date of the arrival of the first man in America, the scientists have been at war for nearly a hundred years. Did he appear in 2000 B.C.? Yes, was the safe answer. The anthropologists who said that perhaps (just perhaps) he had arrived earlier than 15,000 B.C. were chastised in the scientific periodicals with such words as "quack" and "charlatan," and if they stood their ground they risked their reputations.

Within the past year a discovery has been made which will go far to restore the professional standing of men who during the last seventy-five years have gone down in disgrace for their belief in the antiquity of man in America. In 1935 J. D. Figgins, until a few weeks ago Director of the Colorado Museum of Natural History, located through his agent, J. C. McKinley, near Folsom, N. M., a human skeleton identical in degree of fossilization with bison bones known to date from the glacial age, which closed more than 12,000 years before our era. These are the first human remains to be offered in proof of the existence of the mysterious first man to inhabit America.

This man has been definitely known to archæologists only since 1926. In that year nineteen lance points of a design unique among all primitive flint cultures, were found near Folsom, New Mexico, in a deposit containing the remains of thirty flat-horned bison, a species extinct in

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our era. This discovery was the first episode in the complete revision of the conceptions concerning the antiquity of man in America. It reversed all previous theories of the problem, and put scientists of that field into the position of historians who might turn up indisputable evidence that Columbus discovered America not in 1492, but in 800 A.D.

After the Folsom discovery, archæologists ceased to look for traces of primitive art only in geologic levels of recent times, 3000 B.C. and later, but extended their explorations into strata laid down during the recession of the last great glacier, twelve, fifteen, or twenty thousand years ago.

This first American, called "Folsom man" from the place of his discovery, made a sensational entrance on the scientific scene, and he remains the most baffling subject in American archæology. After ten years of search, science does not yet know much about him, nor can it explain satisfactorily how he might appear in America at a time when the northern hemisphere was wrapped in an immense ice sheet; or why he later vanished, leaving no trace.

Yet these questions are no more distracting than the story of Folsom man's inch-meal discovery. Before 1926, conservative anthropologists, scientists who concern themselves with man and his environment, believed that man did not appear in America until about 2000 B.C. The man of this date was the Basket Maker, whose culture was so archaic that he did not know the bow and arrow or the art of pottery, who cooked by dropping hot stones into stew contained in the closely woven baskets that have given him his name. The Basket Maker first dwelt in the caves of New Mexico and Nevada — at about the time when Abraham led three hundred and eighteen

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men into Canaan, when Hammurabi, the Semite, established himself in Babylon, when Ur fell, when Egypt was ruled by the twelfth dynasty, about seven hundred fifty years before Tutankhamen. In England, neolithic peoples were burying their dead in dolmens (table-shaped tombs formed of large rough stone blocks). In Crete the Minoans were building their vast palaces. The Basket Maker, the contemporary of these old civilizations, lived about six thousand years after the last glacial period had ended.

Scientists agreed that with the end of the glacial or Pleistocene period (15,000 or 20,000 years ago), came the disappearance of all the giants of the Pleistocene — the Imperial elephant, the giant sloth, the antique, the occidental and the flat-horned bison, the Texas horse, and the Camelops, although there was no definite line of demarcation. But had these giants of the ice age shared the American continent with man? There the scientific world split in two. For seventy-five years paleontologists, who deal with all forms of life as revealed in fossils, have been open-minded about the possibility that man and these extinct beasts dwelt together on the American Plains. In their removal of fossils, they often met such evidence. Anthropologists, on the other hand, concerned as they were only with the relics of man, found less ground for believing in this possibility. There were no monuments nor tenements left by any glacial man, no vast burial places for anthropologists to excavate. Accordingly, they refused to credit any of the forty-two discoveries made by paleontologists between 1846 and 1926 that indicated this co-existence.

They insisted that man in America could reach no great antiquity since no bones exhibiting primitive characteristics, such as the Neanderthal, the Piltdown, the

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Galley Hill, the Rhodesian man in the Old World, had been found. Before Figgins's discovery, in America every human bone unearthed in associations with glacial animals might have belonged to a modern type. The anthropologists reasoned that if the animals of the glacial age developed into new species or became extinct, any man of the glacial age should have done so likewise.

And then, in June 1926, Frank M. Figgins and Carl Schwachheim, working under J. D. Figgins who was then Director of the Colorado Museum, while digging out skeletons of the flat-horned bison from a high mountain arroyo near Folsom, found beneath their feet, in the rubble from their excavations, a finely chiseled point. It was of dolomite, a dark, reddish brown, of a workmanship rarely equaled. The flat-horned bison was supposed to have been extinct ten thousand years before man entered America. Yet that javelin point, among bison bones, was evidence that man had killed the bison and must therefore have been contemporary with the bison. But the point was already loosened from its matrix. Figgins and Schwachheim knew that the "die-hard" anthropologists would never believe that it came out with the excavated material. They would have to show that the point had an actual connection with the bones of a prehistoric animal, that it had killed or wounded the living beast. The two men had had this proof under their hands a few minutes before, but now it was too late.

Director J. D. Figgins had coached Figgins and Schwachheim in what they should do in case they made such a discovery. So, at the sight of the flint, they communicated with Figgins. Then, the three made up their minds that if it was possible they would find another point and would find it in place.

They worked from June until the end of the season

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before they located a second point. This, too, in spite of all their care, had been loosened before it was found. It seemed as if an artifact *in situ* was impossible to obtain. Then the digging tool struck hard upon a triangular fragment, one-fourth by three-fourths inch in size, wedged in by bison bones, a rib, a toe-bone, and an atlas, the vertebra that supports the skull. They removed bones and all in a block. In the laboratory they cleared away the débris. And, most amazingly, the fragment proved the original position of the second point. The red streaks that crossed the gray background of the second point matched perfectly the streaks on the fragment which had been found *in situ*. Director Figgins was so sure that he had at last proved the co-existence of the flat-horned bison and man that he spent the next winter in the East, carrying his trophies from museum to museum.

He was no more welcome than his forty-two predecessors. "Our shelves exhibit points like these," museum officials pointed out, "and our records show no such association. Some recent Indians have buried a cache of arrowheads in the bison material. Maybe a landslide mixed old material with new."

In vain Figgins protested that the anthropologists' records, so called, were sketchily incomplete descriptions, such as "surface find," and that the Folsom stratum, where the flint had been discovered, gave no indication of having been disturbed since ancient man had stacked the bison there.

"A find cannot be authenticated," his opponents insisted, "until three unprejudiced anthropologists of unimpeachable reputations see the artifact in place."

Unprejudiced! Director Figgins was discouraged. It was plain that his eastern associates classed him with others they had called "charlatans," "vultures," "shy-

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sters," "harpies," "swindlers," "quacks," and other archæological billingsgate. It was, moreover, too much to expect the deposit to yield further evidence. Out of all the museum officials that Figgins approached, Dr. Barnum Brown, of the American Museum of Natural History of New York, was the only one willing to risk his professional standing by joining the Colorado Museum in further investigation.

The next digging season, the combined parties removed several points but none in direct contact with the bones. It was not until late in August that they found a point lodged between two bison ribs. Before it was completely uncovered, Figgins notified Doctor Brown and wired all important museums, asking that they send representatives to witness the removal of this bit of evidence. The Smithsonian was the only institution that responded! It had a worker, Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts, Jr., attending the Southwest Archæological Conference at Pecos, New Mexico, and instructed him to go to Folsom.

When Roberts arrived, he was so impressed that he called Dr. A. V. Kidder, preëminent archæologist of the Southwest. It was thus that Figgins obtained his "three unprejudiced men." But he had done more. He had convinced three of the canniest workers in the United States. They became his champions. Brown and Roberts reported favorably on the find before the American Anthropological Association the next winter.

Even with this backing, the anthropologists were not persuaded. They said an earthquake or an avalanche had thrown two deposits together. They commandeered a whole series of uplifts and subsidences. They even said that the arroyo wall had been used as a target by later Indians! To them, anything was more plausible than the existence of glacial man.

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Again, in 1928, the American and Colorado Museums were at the site. Again they struck pay dirt. Again they wired for representatives from all important museums. This time the response was cordial and swift. Once on the ground, the skeptics became enthusiasts. Figgins was vindicated. Early American man was admitted as a probability. He was named "Folsom man" after the location that had proved his existence.

Eventually, nineteen blades were discovered imbedded with thirty bison, testifying to a big kill ten to fifteen thousand years ago. A large proportion of the skeletons, it was revealed, lacked tailbones, presumably removed when the animals had been skinned. Here was another indication of the handiwork of man, for only man skins his prey.

But the anthropologists had still a trick or two in reserve. They now declared that if Folsom man dated with the prehistoric bison, then the bison had lived to a later period. Rather than admit glacial man, they would change all the other dates.

In 1932, E. B. Howard of the Philadelphia Academy settled that. He found a Folsom point four feet below a Basket Maker burial in the Guadalupe Mountains, and with the point were charcoal and the split bones of a musk-ox. It indicated that centuries before the Basket Maker, man and musk-ox had lived together on the fringe of a glacier that spread from the Rocky highlands into southern New Mexico. No one had quite the nerve to assert that the musk-ox had remained in this region after the retreat of the ice. A man in America at the time the last ice sheet was rolling northward was accepted.

But that did not clear the air. If man was here at this time, how did he arrive? He could not have crossed Bering Strait, even if the fifty-mile water gap were land,

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for to get to the isthmus he must then have crossed two thousand miles of glacial ice in Asia, and as much again in North America, to reach habitable land. Such an exploratory tour would have been impossible.

He must then have come at a time when the ice temporarily had receded, during the interglacial period. But that was hundreds of thousands of years ago. That would mean that in America there were men capable of chipping beautiful laurel-leaf flints at a time when in Europe man had reached no higher than the brutish Neanderthal, capable of only crudest stone work. This seemed as improbable as the four-thousand-mile journey over ice and snow.

Folsom man couldn't have crossed the ice. Yet he was here before the ice had fully retreated. He couldn't have come in the last interglacial period. He wasn't that primitive. How then did he get here? Science had to find a route, a boat, or a new home for man. She chose the route as the most likely. Dr. Ernst Antevs supplied it with his weather chart of the past. Doctor Antevs is an exact scientist, working in an exacting medium. He knows the weather of the past as well as if aboriginal man had kept a weather record.

His record is the one made through the ages by the alternate freeze and thaw at the southern edge of an ice sheet. During the summer a glacier melts, releasing quantities of coarse gravel it has gouged out of the foundation rock. This gravel is carried a short distance by the river that in summer flows from beneath a glacier to a lake that stands in front of the ice, and is deposited on the lake floor. During the winter, both glacier and lake freeze. Beneath the ice of the lake, the fine silt held in suspension by the lake water settles slowly to the lake bottom, forming a thin layer of very fine sediment.

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Thus, a cross-section of an old lake floor is made up of alternate layers of fine silt and coarse gravel. These layers are called "varves." If the winter is mild, the silt layer is proportionately thin; if the summer is long and sultry, the gravel layer is proportionately thick; and vice versa. By finding enough lake-floor cross sections and matching varve to varve in the successive lakes that follow in the wake of a retreating glacier, Antevs has dated, year by year, the last great glacier, from its present location in Northern Canada to as far south as New York, Cincinnati, Madison, St. Paul, and Des Moines, where it turned northward into the Dakotas to meet the Rocky Mountain glaciers near Edmonton in Alberta.

He found that twelve to twenty thousand years ago, a warmer climate set in. The Edmonton rift melted like a line of fracture in an ice cube. A migration corridor opened northward from Edmonton into unglaciated Central Alaska, the basin of the Yukon. At the same time, the warmer weather melted the great glacier in Northern Siberia so that it deserted the shores of Okhotsk Sea within the arm of the Kamchatkan Peninsula, leaving a long narrow corridor between the sea and the Stanovoi range to the west.

Coincidentally, a migratory urge stirred the tribes of Central Asia. Perhaps it was the result of the milder climate; perhaps it was from overpopulation caused by the crowding together of animals and men during the era of ice. At any rate, a superior culture swept westward into Europe, where it climaxed in the Solutrean, the horse-eaters, whose discovery site at Solutré, France, gives its name to a characteristic flint technique. And at about the same time it appeared in America — the Folsom type.

In Asia, when the snows began to melt, this migratory

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man must have pressed upon the retreating glacier and gained the plains of what is now Kamchatka Province, bordering the Bering and Okhotsk Seas. Moving ever to new game fields, he eventually entered Chukots Peninsula, where it nearly touches Alaska. There he sighted the shore of Bering at a line one hundred feet lower than it is today. So it is likely that the first American crossed Bering on land now under the sea, and built his first home on part of the continental shelf now submerged. On Kodiak Island Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, America's anthropological wizard, thinks he has found the remains of such a settlement, accidentally on higher ground.

If this man moved up into the Yukon region, his trace is still frozen tight in the ice and muck of some river terrace as yet unlocated. Yet it seems that he must have made some such move, or he would never have reached the tundras of the lower Mackenzie swollen from its burden of melting snow. For a thousand years, maybe two, maybe four thousand, he tracked the upper reaches of the northward flowing stream, made portage to the Peace that drains Alberta and British Columbia; and so from lake to lake he drifted south to more and more pleasant lands, following the herds of musk-ox that hovered under the eaves of the ice.

He entered the High Plains, a hollow trough puddled by lakes. To the northeast, ice wastes stretched as far as Labrador. To the west, mountain valleys were choked with flowing ice and snow. But between was a land teeming with wild life. In the jungle at the lake edges, the Imperial elephant trumpeted defiance to the newcomer. On the higher veldt flourished the Texas horse, the eight-foot camel, the flat-horned bison; in the caves, the giant sloth. And over all the district Folsom man hunted, leaving his distinctive spear point in every state of the Plains

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region. There they are found today, in deep canyon crevices, on the surface where they have been whipped out of the soil by the terrific western winds, in the beds of the sand-choked waterways, strataless and therefore ageless.

This javelin point is the one indisputable evidence of Folsom man's existence. It gauges the mental superiority of its inventor; its superb workmanship, the steady strength and true eye of its makers. It is the identifying mark of a man who except for this one achievement would have been lost to posterity.

It is unique in primitive manufacture. No other people in all the world have ever evolved one like it. The shape is that of the laurel-leaf, the sides parallel, and the tip gently tapering in a rounded curve to the point. It has perfect lateral balance, for down the center of each face is a longitudinal groove so that the flint might be slipped into a socket made by splitting the end of a bamboo dart. All other peoples mount points by tying them to the side of the fore-shaft.

The flaking is as outstanding as the design. The blocking is bold and sure, the retouch minute and even. In fact, the technique rivals Europe's finest, the Solutrean, which it resembles. In common with the Danish and the Egyptian of 2000 to 3000 B.C., the Folsom workman left stone knives sculptured in diagonal grooves laid down as regularly and evenly as boards in a floor. The grooves may be an inch and three-fourths long. Imagine gouging out trenches of flint by the steady strength of the fingers. It is almost unbelievable. Its accomplishment is an art lost to man.

The new inhabitant of the Plains, thus superlatively armed, prospered. High under extinct Capulin he killed thirty buffalo, skinned them, and left the carcasses to freeze and rot. At Russell Springs, Kansas, he left five.

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He left a point still imbedded in the vertebra of a giant bison at Fort Collins, Colorado. The point undoubtedly caused the death of the animal. He dragged a dead Camelops into a cave shelter in the Oklahoma Panhandle and left a point with it. Close by, he left a cache of five four-edged knives on an old winter campsite. He mined his "flint" from dolomite quarries six or eight miles north of Amarillo, Texas. Near Dent, Colorado, and near Angus, Nebraska, he slew the massive elephant.

Did he daub his skin in barbaric design, or incise on rock, bone, hide, or some other transitory medium his symbols, his art? Perhaps. At any rate, some ancient Folsom woman dropped her duffle-bag in an ancient swamp near Fort Collins, Colorado. From the place, Roberts retrieved a palette — a rounded stone saucer — and an abundance of gravers — irregularly shaped flints with sharp points.

The home of Folsom families, except for Howard's cave in the Guadalupes, was an open hearth, a fire in a clearing surrounded by teepees or hogans of some unenduring material. The sites where such homes have been are near Clovis, New Mexico, near Boise City, Oklahoma, near Abilene, Texas.

Accidental death overtook one member of the clan, eight miles east of Folsom at a site that is now a bank of the Cimarron river — Figgins's 1935 discovery. The skull is decidedly pre-modern, and most resembles the Brunn and Predmost skulls of Moravia, the large-headed, big-faced mammoth-eaters of Central Europe, who represent one phase of the Solutrean culture and an off-shoot of the Cro-Magnon race.

Descendants of the Folsom people spread east of the Rockies into every state of the United States and into every province of Southern Canada, leaving a derivative

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and degenerate point, a more generalized, less precise one.

And there the story ends. Where did they go, these superior men armed by superior javelins? No man knows. There is a great archæological blank of eight to ten thousand years between the exquisite blade of the Folsom man and the uninterrupted genealogy of the Basket Maker. Did some great calamity sweep away the first American, and with him his giant contemporaries? The huge vegetarians of the glacial age died out in their racial prime, not, as might be expected, when advancing ice crowded them south but when retreating ice released them to new pastures. The reason for it is as much a mystery as the disappearance of Folsom man.

Did a new migrant, some fierce Tartar from the Asiatic steppes, swing down from the north and annihilate his predecessor? Or did Folsom man simply forget the flint tradition of his fathers and adopt the lateral fastening and point of that newcomer? Or did he merely adapt and adapt his point until its changes are lost in the archæological maze? Six camp-sites and one skeleton are not enough evidence for any definite conclusion. Will some hearth as yet undiscovered make plain what we now see only darkly?

Will the clue be a Solutrean point in some ancient rubbish heap in a frozen land? Or will it be a point whence both Solutrean and Folsom were derived? What upheaval in mid-Asia started both these wanderers? What ancient feud or terror split that first small world, and sent one stream moving westward into Europe and the other simultaneously north and east into America? By what slow route? From what first, most ancient source did he come, this first American? These are some of the mysteries which modern archæologists have yet to solve.

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A Common Ground for Peace

DAVID FIGART

THE charge of oversimplification may too easily dissuade us from facing disagreeable facts. As we review the various movements for military and economic peace throughout the world, the one thing that stands out is the lack of any clear-cut principle on which a lasting peace could be based. Far from assuming that there must be a community of interest somewhere on which we could get together, statesmen and diplomats have neglected even to search for such a community of interest.

The first problem we are up against is that God, for reasons we cannot understand, saw fit to people this earth with men of different colors and different beliefs, involving the existence of nationalism of varying degrees of intensity. Of course, there is a sound and laudable basis for preserving and advancing the interests of a homogeneous group of people. America has been a melting pot, but this was in spite of national loyalties, not because of them. Political and economic oppression abroad forced the emigration which gave rise to the birth and growth of America.

While the autocrats of history have frequently exploited their peoples, today all governments of civilized nations avow a purpose of increasing the general welfare of the governed. In monarchial England, as in republican America, individual welfare occupies itself with individual liberty. In Soviet Russia, in Fascist Italy, in Nazi Germany, the leaders hold the individual liberty incompatible with individual welfare. Yet we know the goal in each instance is essentially the same — a rising living-standard for the individual. This suggests that here, per-

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haps, is a real common denominator, a starting point from which to seek a common solution to some of the world's problems.

There is no need to examine the legacies of the war to determine how many injustices they involved. It is sufficient to note that many participants in that war believe that gross injustices ensued, and now seek to right them. A common form of this striving is expansion — the taking of more territory to meet so-called "pressure of population," the acquisition of sources of raw material supplies, the forcing open of world markets.

One example of this is Japan. Having annexed Formosa, Korea and Manchuria, she seeks still more. But if the possession of these countries, which Japan has never colonized and may never colonize, has not brought her prosperity, is the conquest of China, or of the East Indies, or of the Philippines, likely to do so? We can see how absurd such a premise can become when we remember that tragic depression did not pass by Britain, the world's greatest Empire, or America, the world's greatest republic — each possessing vastly rich territories containing all the resources needful to man's comfort. It takes something besides territory and raw materials to prevent poverty.

Trade follows the flag. The flag means military and naval establishments. To achieve expansion we must withdraw millions of the prime of our manhood from productive enterprise, build them into military machines, and thus make them public charges, drawing a respectable dole. How can nations increase their wealth by drastically reducing the number of men engaged in producing it?

It would be an interesting economic study to attempt to discover whether England, as a country, has really

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benefited from her colonial possessions. To the cost of British-made goods sold abroad, for example, we must add the indirect costs of the British Army and Navy, and the cost of Britain's administration of her possessions. To this, add also the investment of British capital in these possessions. In terms of the welfare of the individual Englishman, apart from national pride of Empire, it seems doubtful if all this has been profitable. Perhaps there really was a "white man's burden." One wonders what would have happened had the marvelous qualities and energies of the British people been devoted from the start to the production of wealth for their own use.

Statesmen are now discussing a reapportionment of the sources of raw material supplies of the world. Perhaps they will ask England to do something about rubber and tin, or the United States to do something about oil or wheat or cotton. Just what shall we do? In peace time England is only too glad to sell all the rubber she can, and we canvass the world for markets for our cotton. Everyone wants to sell what the other fellow wants to buy. The source of supply is always safe enough in times of peace. But what guarantee can anyone give that it will be safe in time of war? Certainly no reapportionment of the world's resources will meet that situation. So long as goods are transported from one country to another, interruption of that transport remains a war hazard. Were Britain to cede Italy half the Malay Peninsula, just how long would Italy's supply of rubber and tin remain safe if these two nations became involved in war — whether they were on the same side or not?

The possession of territory alone does not guarantee a nation's safety in time of war; and no guarantee is necessary in time of peace. Nor does the possession of any amount of natural resources guarantee a nation's pros-

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perity, either in war or peace. If prosperity is what we are after, if we are really sincere in wanting to increase the general welfare, it is clear we can get nowhere by reasoning in terms of preparation for war, which is destructive of wealth.

Behind some expansion policies lies the belief that expansion provides fields for profitable investment. But the question is not so simple. Obviously, when we invest money in other countries, and it is not repaid, that is not good business. But is it always good business to invest money abroad even when it *is* repaid? The problem is easier to understand if we think in terms of wealth, rather than in terms of the money used to exchange wealth. For fundamentally, we do not save money; we save goods. Our savings are registered in money, to be sure, and when goods rise in price before we spend our savings, we are actually losing some of the potential goods we had saved up. But it is still goods, or the power to buy goods, that we save. In a similar way, although banks lend in terms of money, beneath the money are the goods that the borrowed money permits us to buy. In this sense, then, banks lend goods.

So when we talk of foreign or colonial investments, while we think we are investing money, actually we are investing goods. And the only time we can really afford to invest goods abroad, is after we have satisfied our own wants at home. When the war broke out, we in America talked of idle funds for investment — though half our population was living on the verge of poverty. Today, again, our financial institutions are loaded down with idle funds, representing potential goods of some kind. Shall we seek fields for "profitable" foreign investment, with 10,000,000 of our countrymen deprived of the right to earn their daily bread?

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When it comes to the question of tariffs versus free trade, not many would argue against free trade in theory. If it is good business to trade with a man so long as he is on one side of an artificial line, why should it be bad business to trade with him the moment he steps over the line? That, of course, does not make sense. And once you draw the line, you need guards posted along it to protect it, a complex government bureaucracy to administer it, and armies and navies to back up the government. This wholesale withdrawal of men from productive enterprise naturally depresses the general standard of living — though the theory of the artificial line is to raise it.

We have attributed our own prosperity in past years to the possession of natural resources. The impact of the greatest depression in our history, bringing poverty because of overabundance, has stunned us into the realization that something is terribly needed besides natural resources. Yet we unquestionably possess the basis for a real prosperity. What have we that Europe does not have? An area in Europe equal to the United States would include raw materials, industrial equipment, and skilled labor comparable in amount to that of our own country. If we concede, for illustration, that the living standard here has generally been higher than in Europe, it must follow that it is less attributable to the one tariff around our borders than to the lack of multitudinous tariffs within our borders. Would the most extreme protectionist advocate the cutting up of the United States into a score of political units, each bounded by tariff barriers? And the organizing of a score of armies and government bureaucracies to administer and protect them? If this is true of North America, what particular circumstance makes it untrue of Europe?

Let us examine the alleged need for tariffs. We, here in

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America, hold the economic belief that high wages result in low costs because they stimulate the best efforts of the workers. Even the depression has not seriously shaken this belief. If it is correct, why do we need tariff barriers against low-wage countries? As a matter of fact, it is often the other way round. England, with a lower wage rate than America, erects tariff barriers against American goods. India, with a lower wage rate than England, erects barriers against British goods. If we feel the pinch of competition from low-wage countries, it is probably because of unwise management of our own industries — overcapitalization, cut-throat competition with all its accompanying evils — all of which means extravagant distribution costs, and less ability to compete with foreign imports. Hence the demand for tariff protection in a country where tariff protection may not be in the least essential.

There are, of course, instances where tariffs are necessary; but cost of production, or price, would not seem to be the proper basis for determining what such tariffs should be. Cost, for example, is a matter of juggling figures. Books can be kept in such a way that costs will be high or low. Management may pay low wages and compensate labor through profit-sharing. Or it may pay high wages and show no profit at all. In the first instance, the cost of production is low; in the second instance it is high. Yet the same labor has been employed, with the same degree of efficiency. This shows why international trade relations cannot be built on such arbitrary and artificial foundations as price and cost.

To fix tariffs intelligently we need some measure of efficiency — such as "man-hours of production." If a foreign country can produce a certain article with less of our "man-hours" than we can, then it is distinctly to our

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advantage to import that article, and devote our own labor to channels in which we are more efficient. But if an American manufacturer can produce this article with the same or less labor, we are justified in excluding the foreign-made article, even though its price may be less at the moment.

Here again our habit of thinking in terms of money instead of goods traps us into economic fallacies. It would seem that if we can buy an imported article for less money than a domestic article, we stand to gain — even though the imported article may have been produced much less efficiently. We overlook the fact that the price of an American-made article sold to the American public is important only insofar as it represents efficiency in production. As a spur to increased efficiency, lowering prices serves a good end. But otherwise it has no real significance, since price to the consumer is only the reverse of wage to the producer — meaning by "wage" the combined remuneration of labor, management and capital. The gross sales (or turnover) of any business — whether the unit prices of the products sold be high or low — go first to pay labor and management, and then accrue to stockholders to be paid out in dividends or put to reserves. So that if an American-made article is priced higher than a similar foreign-made article produced with equal efficiency, it simply means that the American labor engaged in producing the article is paid better for its work and has a relatively higher purchasing power. So long as we must have tariffs of some sort, they should be based on efficiency of production, not on price or cost.

Now, while the primary object of levying tariffs against unfair foreign imports is to protect our own standards of living — and as a nation we have as much right to protect our citizens as we have individually to

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protect our families — yet the consequences of an apparently selfish policy like this might well be extremely beneficial to the nations at which it was directed. In the first place, if such a policy leads to greater prosperity within our borders, as it should, it would mean an increased ability to buy the goods we want from other countries. In the second place, the closing of our market to under-priced foreign-made goods must inevitably lead to the development of their own home markets. In other words, the goods that other nations would force on us below their real value, with economic loss to themselves, they would now seek to distribute at home. To their people would be restored the right to consume the goods they themselves produced. The result would be a higher standard of living. We have had a striking example of this in the case of Great Britain, whose position in the export trade is traditional. With forced readjustments after the war, we find her experiencing a marked industrial recovery through the simple expedient of sharing with her own people the goods she formerly sent abroad — "broadening the home market," it is called.

We are told that we must build up our export trade, and there is some justice in this contention. But what kind of export trade should we build? It was reported not long ago that a leading manufacturer of American motor cars was selling his products at a loss in Canada. German steel manufacturers export their products to other countries at a loss. In terms of money, this may not look so serious; we are, in fact, accustomed to it. But consider its significance in terms of goods instead of money. The sole justification for any American manufacturer being in business is to bring together capital, labor and management in such a way as to produce wealth for the American people. The manufacturer is a trustee of our welfare.

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If his efforts create a certain quantity of wealth in an efficient manner, and distribute this wealth for consumption to the community, he is fulfilling his trust. But if he should arbitrarily take a portion of that wealth and donate it to the people of some other country, it is clear that he would not be fulfilling his trust. But that is exactly what happens when an American automobile manufacturer sells cars in Canada at a loss. That is what happens when any American firm sells abroad at a loss.

Doing business at a loss anywhere is not only unfair to the local community, where the products are made, but it is unfair to the community where the products are sold. It is not fair to British motor car manufacturers for American manufacturers to ship cars to the British market and sell them at a loss, because this disrupts the British industrial system. If we reverse this situation, and consider the effect of British manufacturers selling their products in America at a loss, competing unfairly with our own factories, we get the significance quickly enough. Delegations of our manufacturers would soon be hot-footing it to Washington to file their demands for tariff protection.

On the other hand, if Britain can produce certain kinds of goods more efficiently than we can, or of higher quality, it is simply wasting our own energies to combat this natural ability, and it is uneconomic to place any barriers to trade of this kind. In following a policy dictated by our own self-interest, we are at the same time helping British labor by providing a market for their products. This principle is true whether it applies to manufactured goods or raw materials, and regardless of geographical setting. The only possible justification for fostering uneconomic industries is to make a nation self-contained in the event of war; but that violates the premise of our discussion.

So now we find that, as Americans, we are harmed if

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our manufacturers sell at a loss to other countries products made by our own labor; and at the same time we find such trade harms the peoples of those countries where the products are sold. If that is true of us, it is equally true of the British, of the Japanese, or of any other nationality. We inevitably reach the principle that for any country to sell its products to other countries at a loss is fundamentally wrong; and what is wrong should be stopped.

The real significance of this problem of international trade — and international relations depend upon trade — is how it affects the action of individual citizens of the countries concerned. It is clear from the foregoing analysis that if the individual American manufacturer, or British manufacturer, or Japanese manufacturer, fulfilled his obligations to his own community by producing goods efficiently and distributing them to those entitled to consume them, the problem of unfair competition in international trade could not arise. And instead of obstacles of all kinds being thrown in the way of the smooth exchange of goods internationally, such an exchange would find itself fostered by every possible means.

What shall we in America do about this? Shall we build up our army and navy, and then call disarmament conferences to force Britain or Japan or Germany to reconstruct their internal economy to meet our demands? What would be our chances of success? Or shall we reconstruct our own internal economy, in justice to our own citizens, and show our neighbors by example how it pays to do this?

This is not so difficult as it would appear, since the key to effective action is the close control exercised over our industrial system through the great corporations. We are apt to think of the farmer as the strength of the country — and in the sense that he feeds the country, that is true.

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But the smooth running of a modern industrial society depends on industry, not on the farmer. So long as factories are working, and men are employed making goods, those goods have to be transported, bought and sold, traded for farm products. Everyone is busy. But when the factories start laying off men, production of goods falls off and transport, buying and selling, and the demand for farm products are all curtailed.

Any business man will tell you that he is in business to make profits; but as a matter of curious fact a great deal of the world's business is done without much regard for profits. Corporate management is oftentimes dominated by motives entirely divorced from community welfare — corporate or personal aggrandizement, industrial jealousies. Of course, business men indulging in warfare of this kind always hope to profit from it some day after their competitors are driven out of business — but the trouble is that competitors will not be driven out without a fight, and the policy often ends by being mutually destructive. Meanwhile, large amounts of the community's savings, held in trust by corporate management in the form of surplus or reserves or working capital, are wilfully destroyed in the process.

If business men — whether they be American, or German, or Japanese, or any other nationality — are compelled to do business at a profit, we will be well on the way to solving not only the world's economic problems, but its political problems as well. For a profitable business means a business whose policies are formulated with the welfare of the community in mind, else the community will not support the business by buying at profitable prices. The simplest way to make business profitable is to deprive corporate management of its arbitrary control over surplus profits, compelling the dividend or

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similar distribution of the surplus (above legal earmarked reserves) to the community which made the surplus possible and where its real ownership is vested. Then business men, without vast reserves of the community's savings to fall back upon, would be deprived of the privilege of engaging in uneconomic warfare at home or abroad. Yet the field for wise and constructive leadership would remain wide open to those who could point to a history of earnings under their direction.

It is impossible to reason clearly unless we cease thinking in terms of money, and begin to think only in terms of goods. We can see what would happen if all the factories around us began suddenly to pile up inventories in warehouses, instead of distributing the goods to be consumed as rapidly as they were produced. Such a policy would quickly lead to general shut-downs and unemployment. But that is exactly what happens when corporate management builds up huge reserves in its balance sheet, forgetting that such reserves represent unconsumed goods and capital equipment, and not simply so many dollars of accumulated profits. Corporations do not have dollars in reserve; they have goods and plant in reserve.

What profound wisdom is contained in the old Proverb: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." Apply it to world conditions today. The more widely we scatter purchasing power, the greater will be the demand. The greater our demand, the greater will be that part of domestic production consumed at home. The more we produce to meet this demand, the greater will be our efficiency. The greater our efficiency, the less need for tariff protection. With lessening surplus to sell abroad, and with the gradual abolition of tariff barriers, there will be fewer causes for friction.

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Better international relations lessen the need for armies and navies and all that goes with them. The reduction in public forces releases to productive labor those non-productive citizens who are now economic parasites on their brethren. Since wealth lies in production, increased labor to produce wealth makes increased wealth to be consumed. Growing consumption is reflected in growing demand for raw materials — whatever their source. And the reduction of barriers to international trade makes available such raw materials.

Are the nations of the world willing to sit down around the conference table and state frankly that they are out for national aggrandizement, or military glory, or "grandeur" of one kind or another, or the maintenance of the "status quo"? Or will they insist that what they really want is the welfare of their peoples? On the basis of the former premises, striving for world peace is a waste of time. On the basis of the latter premise, it will not be so difficult to reach harmony in international relationships.

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But Spring is Lovelier

SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

Here we shall walk, and here the early spring
Will come, looking at us like a shy child
Whose words are budded and whose slow laughter
Breaks from a tremulous, secret mirth.
With time the tenderness of brooks will sing
A deeper melody in sun and shade,
And the young grass will deepen and grow sweet
Beneath the richer garment summer wears.
But spring is lovelier, and lean and tall . . .
Hungry from winter and the winter wind,
A girl whose mouth holds back the smile it knows,
Whose arms are thin and wind-swept like new trees,
Whose hands are the first flowers after snow.
And when we look again upon her face
We shall remember some forgotten dream,
And dreaming . . . take the path along the hill.

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Under the Musical Crust

JACQUES JOLAS

I HAD better admit at the outset my firm belief that the standardization of "music making" throughout this country should be smashed. The selling pressure of business interests, the million-dollar gate, the activities of great trusts of concert concerns, the insidious existence of commercial musical papers and, above all, the mistaken search of the vast majority of students for a "career" should be wiped out if music is to be permitted to take its place as a fragile art. The noisy stampeding towards making this nation "music-conscious" is not in line. Ballyhoo has no place in an art which is primarily an intimate experience. Provinces now looking toward New York for their musical wares should dig instead into their own soil, for a really musical community demonstrates its worth and value by what it can produce itself.

These thoughts and feelings spring from many years of experience — many of them wearily spent in attempting to work with the musical commerce as it is now organized in this country, and many more of them eagerly and enthusiastically spent in working with local communities where the hunger and thirst for music, as it should be, marks the beginnings of a revolt which may become (which I hope will become) nation-wide.

Suppose we look first at the commerce as it is. The life of the barn-storming musician is today still a lure to thousands of students filling the music rooms and conservatories from coast to coast. That this sort of career is a racket, intricate and pitiless, stretching its web through the salons of the great cities, studios, offices of managers, radio stations, music houses, music papers, and music

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clubs seldom dawns on the student himself, nor on the influential musical hostess as she sheds her evening wrap, assorts her dinner guests, and blandly peruses the program and appraises the people around her.

The stories of the monarchs of the concert field are of all too common knowledge to the music student. Nor do the reports of the delirious audiences, special trains, and fabulous fees fail to swell the ranks of those striving for an unattainable career. Never in the history of the world have there been such huge sums devoted to the cause of music. The world has never seen an effort on so gigantic a scale to persuade and cajole a nation toward a love of music. Yet the unknown artist, because his ambitions have been directed too high, waits in vain to be heard. In all honesty, he cannot even hope to make an adequate living out of his adopted calling.

The worst of the trouble started with the perfection of the recording machines and the boom of radio. Up to this time, the national piano industries had been basking for years in a comfortable state of prosperity. Then radio and records jolted them. Their effort to recapture lost ground on gigantic national lines, added to the existing din of bringing music into the home. The diminishing ranks of the amateur, added to a false standard of perfection that discouraged persons hitherto content to strum out a tune, and the constantly swelling number of students stumbling toward imagined careers, combined to create a crisis in the concert field that further disorganized the musical industry.

We must look back a few years. Prior to the mechanized transmission of music, the student (particularly the piano student), after having completed his studies, had no difficulty in finding piano houses willing to furnish an instrument for his use, and at least to divide expenses

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with him for printed advertising material, circulars, etc. Today, the huge subsidies calculated to keep artists on the staffs of piano houses are a thing of the good old times, and the leading concert managers have been forced to form a trust which sells its wares with the efficiency of high powered salesmanship.

That strange oddity, "music appreciation," sweeps the country. In the schools an army of supervisors teaches the young the first mysteries of an art; but how few realize that it is not enough to know the bare rudiments and facts about a subject in order to instill curiosity and love! A magic that defies rationalization becomes chained to verbose inanities that seek to explain imperishable works in yokel terms. Yes — music is being sold in a thousand devious ways: it is being canned in factories; it is being shouted from the roof-tops; it is put at the service of selling the fair name of a city; yet, incredible as it seems, music still goes on her way, softly humming a lonely tune.

I have said that the false search of the student for a national career is a menace to the real development of music. It is not unlike the false hopes of many a college student that his "education" will, of necessity, make him a master of men. Suppose we trace what happens to the student under present conditions, to the so-called "extraordinary talent" which follows the imaginary road to glory. Back in his native town, carefully fostered by an admiring teacher, he is the apple of her eye. She trots him out for every contest. He finds a wreath of adoring local melody-maniacs at his feet. He has made the Society Column. One meets him everywhere. In every home he carries his nostalgia, straining to get away, and with only one thought, the big city, the great teacher, the début, and then (although he does not know it) oblivion.

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I remember sitting in a famous restaurant in a southern city, lunching with the president of a local musical society. A trio of violin, piano, and cello was playing in one corner. The violinist had uncommon finesse and beauty of tone. The dear lady-president sadly nodded in his direction. "That is all that is left of our endowment fund," she said. It seems the club had picked him up where he was now playing, had sent him to New York, backed by their money and fond hopes — and after a few years of extensive lessons with a foreign teacher, he had returned home, to the dismay and disgust of his backers. Nevertheless, he did play good music well, and I felt, as a great certainty, that he was much happier than a piano salesman I knew down in Texas who had given up the ghost after a few years of study in Vienna to return to selling pianos, holding an undying grudge against music and musicians.

Having at his command the traditional baggage of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and one or two concerti, a happy student, backed by local money, reaches the big city and joins the exclusive clique of young geniuses, the insouciance and freshness of whose playing might well strike dismay into the hearts of the experienced older artists. How different all this seems from conditions in the past when only the great talent fought itself to the front, carried by the weight of an extraordinary personality, aided and abetted by a few discriminating individuals, glowing in a contest bitter but exhilarating because it knew its direction!

I recently encountered a nest of fledglings from one of the endowed schools, sent out under the careful tutelage of a chaperon to give evidence of a music meticulously learned and stunningly performed. But what of it? Where will they find their audiences of the future? The sheltered

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years of study are soon over. Each season sees a few, sometimes great, talents launched on their careers through the protection of some endowment which gives them the fame of a sensational start. There are hundreds of others besides who indulge freely in New York recitals, carrying the enormous financial burden themselves or, if lucky, backed by rich believing friends. Studios in Carnegie and Steinway Hall and others are haunted by the sad-eyed throng, persistently in quest of the master who will perform the miracle for them. The instrumentalist is at the mercy of innumerable teachers, claiming this and that as a particular achievement toward perfection, and more often than not baffling the poor bewildered student.

Nevertheless, before his eyes hangs always the glamor of study abroad. The traditional road leads to Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Milan. In the years between 1920 and 1925, Europe was alive with American students. It was cheap then to give concerts over there. They believed that to return to America with a European reputation was all that they needed for a career in this country. There were some who indulged in veritable orgies of concert tours from one end of Germany and Austria to another. The expense of a concert was negligible in American dollars. The fact that, for the most part, there was no audience did not matter. The conscientious critic was on hand, and the war, the miseries of inflation, and the magic of the dollar had miraculously taken the sting out of his writing. The baggage of clippings would look well in America.

The next step is the New York concert and the manager. The latter is always willing to arrange an appearance. His rake-off is at least one hundred dollars. A page advertisement in one of the musical magazines costs the paltry sum of five hundred dollars. For that sum one's

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name and picture can appear there often enough; reports of activities are always favorable, and the review is read in every hamlet of the country. Thus, the first New York recital, aside from the hire of a hall and other items, costs in the neighborhood of six hundred dollars. Ticket sales are not much of an offset. The handful of friends present for the occasion punctuate every effort with enthusiastic applause. They are loyally poised for the great rush toward the stage at the end. The manager has papered the house, but the critic has fled after the first group that was distinguished by the usual signs of nervousness, bad pedaling, a generous supply of wrong notes, and bad pitch or vibrato.

After all this, if the performer is sincere with himself, he realizes that he is not ready for the task. There are heartaches and dramas not revealed in the perfunctory press notices the next day. If a complimentary phrase has slipped in, it is eagerly pounced upon, cut out, and cleverly quoted in the circular of press clippings. After that he waits for the engagements that do not come. The manager can do nothing with negative press notices. The music clubs will not buy artists who fail to get the enthusiastic approval of the New York press. There follow one or two appearances in the home-town and vicinity, and that is the end of the fabulous career.

But there is something emerging beneath the tragedy of all this. The provinces are coming back into their own. They contain vast resources of inherent talent and a fermentation of natural musical desire. Up to the present moment, there is still an all-engrossing dependence on the metropolis, on its orchestras, on the scope of its opera, and a perpetual emphasis on big names and stars. All of this is misdirected energy, but it accounts for the failure of the provinces up to the present to evolve their own

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salient musical life. Fortunately, the encouragement offered to local musical development by some of the large foundations is helping to effect a hopeful change.

To be sure, the artist who has toured the provinces is a little bewildered by the contrast between the small groups who need no apology, and whose equipment and background equal the best abroad, and the occasional amusing incidents which might give cause for despair. In one place, for example, the local music critic gets his information mixed and welds two compositions together — the Scherzo by Aaron Copeland, "Cat and Mouse," and the Lizst Rhapsody No. II — by speaking in enthusiastic terms of the latter as the Rhapsody with "the famous cat-and-mouse theme." Or one recalls a piano playing contest at Rochester, New York, where a youngster, obviously talented but badly taught, sailed with great assurance through the C-Sharp Minor Sonata of Beethoven — constantly distorting the symmetry of phrase and of rhythm, but talented enough to remain consistent and by spontaneously restoring the balance, creating a caricature, both ludicrous and amusing.

In the provinces, the old "professor," that delightful relic of the past, is slowly disappearing. In his place there has come an army of sleek young men and efficient young women, conversant with the teaching of Isidore Phillip and Tobias Mathay. Here and there one still finds the professor. He holds fast to his ideas, which are violently opposed to anything written after Beethoven or, at the most, Schumann. In northern New York, I once encountered a professor who represented the period when sham and cheap trappings went hand in hand with the profession, and when irresponsibility, so-called artistic temperament, and æsthetic hokum were the order of the day. He called on me after the recital and presented his

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credentials. Among them was a circular, obviously faked, of a picture taken with Anton Rubinstein. The discrepancy in age was immediately apparent.

The bulk of good teaching, particularly of the piano, is however in excellent hands. It is here that we find those who finally abandon the career of their dreams. They now surround themselves with a class of industrious students. Often they fight lone battles in the midst of hopeless mediocrity. Even today they are still haunted by the vision of eventual personal triumph on the concert platform — yet their real opportunity is enormous if they are interested in giving their locality a musical profile.

If they would forget the distorted visions of a musical career entirely, they could, if they would, become leaders helping to bring about a renaissance of music that would touch every phase of the art, and that would find in the eagerness of the community itself ample opportunity for experimentation. Their work would no longer be a catering to the great gesture or to the colossal. On the contrary, it would be in proportion to equipment and needs; it would bring life to the innumerable musical works of the past and of the present.

The comparison with the provinces of Europe is inevitable. Over there, towns of less than one hundred thousand inhabitants successfully support their own symphony orchestras, operas, theatres, choral organizations, besides ventures in chamber music. They have audiences which have come for years as a matter of course. Yet I seriously question that these audiences are more discriminating or intelligent than American audiences in similar communities. In fact, the American audience insists upon a higher standard of performance. The young musician in this country who is content to abandon the "glorious career" for hard work and better

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coöperation with his community will find a rich solace in his older years. Rather than start from the outside in, he should build from the inside out. He should abandon the plan for huge events and work modestly and without gesture. Let him build a local field for the young and highly talented performer who is begging to be heard, and whose music would give pleasure equal to many performances given by big names of the musical world.

This is not a fanciful suggestion. There is actually today a gratifying increase of small orchestras being organized throughout the country. The foundations, as I have said, are devoting resources to this end. There are good players and good singers and receptive audiences — not mammoth audiences come to see a star, but audiences eager for music. If the musician will really look over his local field, it will be surprisingly easy for him to find his players and his singers, enough of them to permit going out of the beaten track and exploring the vast library of chamber music, song, and opera. In working toward a more informal, spontaneous, and intimate conception of music, we can do the most effective thing to fight its present curse of standardization and ballyhoo. The would-be barn-stormer of the past, and the musician with his eyes still foolishly cocked toward Carnegie Hall and worshiping crowds, can surely find in the provinces fertile soil for ability, courage and imagination.

I am not speaking of a wishful dream of my own; I am speaking of things I have both heard and seen, of something which is growing up independently of the great cities of the east; I am speaking of something which will in time thrill to the lonely beauty of music rising in its own strength, and disengaged from names. This I think will be the true musical life of America in years to come.

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Why No Nicaragua Canal?

JAMES R. BROWNE

WHY is it that in these times, when we are looking for vast relief projects, no one has revived the Nicaraguan Canal project? Why, when we have expended huge sums on road improvements, modernistic post-offices and small bridges, have we not considered this large-scale, ready-made undertaking which would offer advantages of the greatest importance to the United States in three separate fields, namely — in relief, commerce and economics, and military and naval security?

Why don't we do something definite about this inter-oceanic canal which has been talked about since 1550? The United States has been surveying the route since 1850, and has spent lots of good, hard-appropriated cash to figure out the best line to follow. By the Bryan-Chamorro treaty, we have paid to Nicaragua $3,000,000 for the exclusive proprietary right to build such a canal whenever we feel like it; we have persisted in our confidence in its feasibility and usefulness, even while taking over, finishing, and operating the Panama Canal — and yet in all this time no more than a mile of channel has been dug, and that was done by a private enterprise.

The United States Army surveyed the route from 1929 to 1931. Its report shows tremendous advantages in favor of a Nicaraguan Canal — and still nothing has been done. Why should this be so, especially now, when the present Administration is spending large sums on public works to relieve our hard times?

Let's consider the Nicaraguan Canal as a relief project. The estimated cost of $722,000,000 couldn't really be what is retarding the plan, when you stop to realize that

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for the sum appropriated last April for public works, at least six Nicaraguan Canals could have been built! Nor could it be for any lack of data that the project is left on the inactive list. In fact, on the contrary, it has all been planned from one end to the other, from deep water at Brito on the Pacific, to deep water at Greytown on the Caribbean, including in between all the lock, channel, and dam arrangements. None of the penalties of hasty planning, none of the overlapping and duplication so evident in much of the relief program, would be encountered here. Instead, here is a ready-made project only waiting to be taken up, a challenge to American enterprise.

What would it mean with regard to employment? Naturally, its value as a relief measure would not be so great if other than American labor were used on it. Why shouldn't CCC personnel be put on this job? These organizations have a reputation by this time for being skilled in their work and accustomed to struggling against the forces of nature. And the selection of this personnel would not only furnish experienced men for the job, but it would create vacancies for more unemployed to fill at home, in keeping up the CCC camps.

The writer realizes that he is apt to stir up a hornet's nest by suggesting that white men labor in the tropics. The superstition has seldom been challenged that no one but the lowly native is capable of hoisting any weight heavier than a long, iced drink. But this ancient belief, of which the writer has been skeptical since he first viewed the tropics in all their pristine hocus-pocus, has been dealt with in masterly fashion by the explorer and engineer, Earl Hanson. In his article entitled "Are the Tropics Unhealthy" in Harpers for October 1933, Hanson discusses three essentials to health in the tropics

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— the right psychological attitude, plenty of work or exercise, or both, and all the vitamins you can get from fresh, local vegetables.

"Those who go to look for work instead of getting away from it are healthy," he says, and brings out plenty of evidence to prove it. Or again, "If a man moves to the equator with a fixed idea that he will die if he tries to work and that he must let the natives do his labor for him, and if he finds plenty of natives whom he can hire cheaply to do his labor, the chances are that he will spend the rest of his life without ever having an opportunity to change his opinions."

Referring to the statement by a Robert de Courcy Ward that the tropics have a tendency to reduce the hæmoglobin content of a man's blood, Hanson says "The implication is that some mysterious quality in the climate, over and above the malaria bug, tends to make a man anæmic. If this is true, the Indians of the South American tropics should be the most anæmic people there. But I have yet to hear of a single investigator who has ever concerned himself with determining the hæmoglobin content of the blood of wild Indians."

Nothing in the pages of Hanson's article, or in these pages, is intended to convey any sanguine theory that the tropics are a sort of neglected health resort. Malaria and dysentery are not illusions. But it is undeniable that a lot of notions about the tropics are preconceived. Many are the result of human self-dramatization, and it is pretty well established that a white man can work in the tropics if he follows a wise policy of industry and hygiene, rather than some philosophy that came out of novels. He can thrive in the tropics if he gives himself half a chance. The Army report refers to the high morale of its personnel "whose labors were arduous" in Nicaragua. The "ardu-

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ous labors" probably had a lot to do with their high morale.

What about the number of personnel that could be employed on this project? It is so large as to overshadow any other employment figure of the time. The Passamaquody tidal-power project in Maine is viewed with pride because it would employ 7000 to 8000 men. The Nicaraguan Canal, for a construction period of ten years would be employing 72,389 men in the tenth year; and for an eight year construction period this number would be increased to 90,486. The undertaking would also, needless to say, bring about plenty of indirect employment in the industries allied with construction.

Now what about the economic advantages of a Nicaraguan Canal? First of all, let's see what it would offer in the way of time-saving. In the Army report it is stated that no less than two-thirds of all the traffic now using the Panama Canal would save time by using a Nicaraguan Canal.

Reduced sailing times, and therefore reduced shipping rates, would benefit the commerce of our coastal regions and certain parts of the interior. They would stimulate shipping between the eastern and western states. The gulf ports would benefit from being brought closer to the Pacific Coast and the Orient. Moreover, the flow of middle-western products to the Gulf would be facilitated since the Gulf ports, through reduced shipping rates and increased activity, would be able to dispose more readily of products. Still another benefit of such an isthmian route would be felt on the Pacific Coast, where a Nicaraguan Canal, "coupled with many improvements in refrigeration, should make it possible to ship West Coast fruits and vegetables in increasing quantities to Atlantic Coast markets."

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Would all this time-saving by using a Nicaraguan Canal make the Panama Canal a useless utility, a forgotten monument to America's engineering skill? Certainly not, for remember that one-third of the interoceanic shipping would have nothing to lose by using the Panama Canal, and might have something to gain if it were found advisable to offer a slightly lower transit rate through the Panama route. The two canals could supplement each other, or to quote the Army report — "The commercial mission to be accomplished by a canal through Nicaragua is, in conjunction with the Panama Canal, to care for the needs of shipping requiring interoceanic transit during the present century."

These are some of the economic advantages of a Nicaraguan Canal. There is also a definite need for it, a need which is revealed by the phrase "during the present century" — for the present canal facilities are insufficient for that entire period. The locks at Panama, 1000 feet long and 110 feet wide, are not big enough to take care of all the ships that will be plying the interoceanic trade between now and the year 2000 A.D. Tables have been compiled, based upon the growth of ocean vessels during the past, and from this data predictions may be made about vessels of the future. An increase of 50 feet in length and 5 feet in beam, per ten year period, is considered to cover the probable growth of the largest vessels that would use the isthmian routes. From the present dimensions, it can be seen that ships are going to outgrow the Panama Canal. But the locks of the Nicaraguan Canal, as planned, can take care of this growth. Their length of 1200 feet and width of 125 feet will amply contain any vessel designed for the interoceanic trade, built in the present century.

A Nicaraguan Canal then, presents definite economic

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advantages due to the trade development that it would bring about, and it would not destroy the usefulness of the Panama Canal. It would, instead, augment the latter. But as an alternative to the Nicaraguan Canal, a third set of locks has been offered at Panama. These locks would be large enough to take care of the future shipping of the century, and would cost $140,000,000.

The question of whether the advantages of a Nicaraguan route would warrant the expenditure of $722,000,000 would almost seem to be obviated by this proposal. The extra locks at Panama would settle the point of canal capacity. But they would not offer the saving in time, with all its attendant stimulation to trade, that is such an attractive feature of the Nicaraguan route. And to come right down to a concrete argument, when they needed overhauling, the big shipping for which they were purposely built, would be stopped.

THERE is another disadvantage to this third-lock plan, and that is in connection with the military aspect of the whole problem. The reason for it will be seen in a moment.

Important as are the relief-measure and economic aspects of the Nicaraguan Canal, the military and naval advantages are overwhelming. Our national security would be benefited to an extent that cannot be measured in terms of dollars and cents. For it is a vital matter to the United States that, in case of war, her Atlantic and Pacific fleets be able to combine — and the Nicaraguan Canal would assure such concentration. The deductions for this statement are simple. We have two coasts to protect. We cannot afford two Navies; therefore we divide the one we have. If war occurred, we would have to have the combined strength of our entire Navy. The destruction by

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an enemy of a single canal would be a fatal blow to our national defense. Therefore two canals instead of one are highly desirable for our national security.

Let's suppose that war has been declared upon the United States by some foreign power. The war of the future is going to be declared swiftly, according to expert prognosticators as well as to the authors of scientific fiction. The declaration will be followed by immediate attack upon some vital point of the enemy organization. An enemy air fleet could, it is admitted, cripple the Panama Canal by damaging the locks or by sinking a ship in the locks. The Panama Canal, we must admit, is vulnerable; or to quote the Army again — "Since the construction of our first canal at Panama the weapons of attack against canal structures, particularly the airplane, have increased in power, in effectiveness, and in the strategic element of surprise. The Panama Canal is not so invulnerable now as it was at the time of its completion."

This is not to overlook the fact that anti-aircraft fire has developed to an extremely high degree of accuracy. Captain W. F. Kernan of the U. S. Army, writing in the American Mercury for June, 1935, is fully justified in the pride with which he views the modern anti-aircraft equipment, as fine an assortment of mechanical gadgets as the technical brain ever designed. There are the 50-calibre Browning machine guns, the 37 millimeters, the 3-inch, the 105 millimeters, the Sperry-Wilson data computers, the 60-inch searchlights each throwing a beam of six hundred million candlepower, and the MI Exponential Sound Locators. With all these devices operating smoothly, rapidly, and automatically, Kernan doesn't give the plane much chance.

But there is something of the diehard in the attitude that the plane is simply a "new weapon," an attitude that

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is held even by some of its advocates. It is *a new method of warfare*, and since it has never been employed on a large scale in a major conflict, it is full of possibilities at which we can only guess. It has made war three-dimensional in the fullest sense of the word. A hint of how this can "revolutionize" war may be seen in the submarine warfare of the World War — when Britain held control of the surface of the seas, but was being starved to death by the enemy's navy!

You might say, how in the first place could an enemy bomber get within striking distance of the Panama Canal if the U. S. Navy is on the job? How indeed! No one knows. But we must be prepared to admit that an enemy carrier of some sort could get close enough to launch an air attack. And we must be prepared to admit that a bomb could strike the Panama Canal and put it out of commission. We cannot by any sort of reasoning or self-delusion assume that the air defenses of the canal, or the anti-aircraft defenses, can guarantee complete and absolute safety to the canal. What happens then to the effectiveness of our naval forces, if we are going to rely on this one route and find ourselves sometime with a national emergency on our hands, facing the staggering news that it has suddenly been destroyed?

The proposal for a third set of locks was mentioned a moment ago. A third set of locks might in some respects be the equivalent of a second canal. But it would be the same as though the two routes were placed side by side. And if the Panama Canal is vulnerable, two canals placed side by side would be just as much so. An extra set of locks (without the time-saving advantages of a Nicaraguan Canal, remember), costing only $140,000,000, would be desirable from the economic point of view; but why spend a sum even of that magnitude on a half

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commercial, half defense project, when the defense value is liable to destruction in time of war? For an amount that is not alarming in these days of large expenditures, we can separate the two routes and have a greater degree of security. In view of the extreme importance to our national defense of getting our fleet concentrated in the theatre of operations, is it wise to take a chance on getting everything through the Panama Canal?

This would be the biggest military reason for our having two canals. There are, however, other factors which would add to the strategic value of a Nicaraguan Canal. For example, supposing that one of the canals has fallen to the enemy; "after conquering and garrisoning one of the defenses the attackers would have to have a sufficiently large force remaining to attack the other, with the further handicap that the possibility of a major surprise would be lacking." This is assuming that the worst has happened, and that we have only the one waterway left. But if both are intact as the hostilities begin, two canals are so much velvet, for the flexibility of the fleet is greatly increased. It has been suggested that the battle elements of one or other of the fleets could be hurried through one canal, while the auxiliaries could be put through the other. Or again, two canals would permit a feinting operation, thereby increasing the assurance of a safe transit.

Then there are other advantages, such as that the difficulty of defending two canals is not double that of one, since the defensive air forces could be mutually supporting; or that the Nicaraguan Canal would be even nearer than the Panama Canal, for reënforcing planes from the United States.

All in all, the Nicaraguan Canal would be more than justified from the military and naval point of view, if not

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actually vital to our national security. An extra set of locks at Panama *might* be almost as good for peace time, and wouldn't cost as much, but when it comes to a national emergency, which would you rather have?

THERE is one more desirable result which the Nicaraguan Canal would present, mentioned by the Army report, and that is, it would improve our central American relations. Nicaragua has long been a political storm center in the affairs of our western hemisphere. A steadying influence is badly needed in that picturesque, but unhappy country. It can be reasonably expected that an American-operated canal through Nicaragua would have a stabilizing effect on the government of the country. And it can be reasonably expected that this effect would be felt in the other Central American governments. Economic conditions and diplomatic relations would improve generally, and the trade and commerce carried on with the United States by all Central America would expand as a result.

Of course the minute you say that an American-operated canal through Nicaragua would have a stabilizing effect on the government of that country, you are inviting the bitter criticism of North American subversives and Central American "patriots." These gentlemen are always on the lookout for a chance to scream "Imperialism! Imperialism!" Pay no attention to them. Our Central American policies were not worked out without deference to the opinions of such statesmen as these countries have produced; they have stood the test of time pretty well, and they will probably continue to do so in spite of agitators, bandits, and poets. Those who see the United States only as the armed invader, perhaps have such a far-sighted, prophetic vision they can't see

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close at hand any benefits of American enterprise or protection. But anyone who has ever been to Nicaragua and has seen the native housewives waiting at the edge of a city dump for the Marine garbage trucks to drive out, will know that Nicaragua can stand a little American progress.

These are briefly some of the advantages that would derive from the construction and operation by the United States of the Nicaraguan Canal. Let's summarize them here.

First of all, the Nicaraguan Canal would furnish a first-class relief project. It is a ready-made plan, and it would afford employment to a vast number of men, both directly and indirectly.

In the commercial field it would save time for two-thirds of the traffic now using the Panama Canal, with resultant stimulation to shipping and industry. It would take care of the big shipping which will have outgrown the Panama Canal before the end of the century.

A third set of locks at Panama would cost less than the Nicaragua Canal, and would be designed to accommodate the big shipping; but the service through them would be interrupted completely at intervals, there would be no time-saving value, and the all-important military consideration of having two separate routes would not be met. The Nicaragua Canal would lend greater flexibility to the fleet; its air defenses could be coactive with those of the Panama Canal; it would improve Central American relations, and lend an impetus to commerce with that entire region.

With all these advantages, why is it that we don't take some definite action on this project? At the end of its report, the Army reaches this conclusion: "A lock canal across Nicaragua as described in Section VII is feasible.

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It presents no problems of design, construction, or maintenance that are not capable of ready solution by a nation that has built the Panama Canal." Well, what are we waiting for?

The Army report says, not yet; or, in its own words, "Since an increase in interoceanic canal facilities for commercial traffic is not now needed, it is recommended that after business conditions have returned to normal, with the consequent readjustments in world trade, the question be considered as to the time when present canal facilities will need to be increased."

Why wait until that time, when this construction would help the economic situation right now? Why wait until that time, when it is taken for granted that business conditions are going to improve? Note that the Army says, "after business conditions have returned to normal"; and everyone else says, "when business gets better." No one says, "if business gets better." When there is so much certainty, why wait? The estimated construction period is ten years, plus two to five years for legislation and treaties. If business improvement is so definitely on its way, why wait until it strikes and then begin something that will take twelve to fifteen years more to complete — especially when the construction would help along the recovery?

We may reach the end of our civilization without ever having started the second mile of the canal, for according to Spengler, we are scheduled to witness the utter decline of our age somewhere around the year 2000. Thus is the end of our great western civilization cheerfully predicted, of which the principal hallmark has been a high development in techniques.

According to this book, no civilization has ever escaped its destiny when its time came. Can we, who have

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the benefit of all the past, avoid it? Without going too far into the realm of philosophical speculation, is it not worth a suggestion that one reason for the present-day signs of decadence may be a lack of big enough jobs for our highly organized techniques? So much of our skill and knowledge has been applied to trivialities. Electromagnetic waves in all their cosmic significance are the bearers of tooth paste slogans, while conversions of energy between light and sound are made to regale us with the adventures of Mickey Mouse. How about applying our techniques to building the Nicaraguan Canal? That would be a big enough job. That would take the best we had in us.

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Alberta, and Social Credit

WILLIAM AND KATHRYN CORDELL

THE great white hope of every economist is to secure a laboratory in which he can apply his theories regarding his abstract guinea pig, the "Economic Man." These savants of economics have long envied the workers in the physical sciences their well-equipped and efficiently operated laboratories, where their hypotheses can be subjected to experiment. The economist finds himself deprived of any chance to test his views in the crucible of experience simply because any experiment in economics calls for manipulation of that most eccentric of all animals, man as an individual, not to say anything of man *en masse*.

In consequence of the intransigence of his experimental material, the economist in despair has created out of the figments of his imagination the Economic Man, and in the act of creation has equipped this abstract guinea pig with the superlative experimental virtue, docility. He has then set up a laboratory in his mind, and putting his creation through the paces (albeit working sometimes, it must be admitted, in a vacuum) he has been able to reach some conclusions and to formulate certain laws which he has been pleased to call a *science* of economics. Like the sculptor he has tried to breathe life into his creation, and in many cases he has come to believe that his Economic Man, and man as he is, are one and the same.

Apparently content with the actions and reactions of his abstraction, the economist has nevertheless secretly desired and striven to place his Economic Man in the arena of actual life, and to demonstrate to his fellows that

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his particular creation (for of course there are as many of these Economic Men as there are different economists) is the champion, the Saint George who will down all the dragons of mankind's ills, economic or otherwise. But the policy of *laissez faire* interdicted actual experimentation until the Golden Bubble of Prosperity burst. Since then, the economist has come into his own. At long last the majority of mankind, made desperate by the depression, has not only become amenable to the idea but even insists on some sort of experimentation looking toward the replenishment of its purse and even its dinner pail.

While it cannot be said that the world has been completely metamorphosed into one gigantic laboratory for the economists, it is certain that the pendulum of events is swinging in that direction. To the spectacle of Fascism (which someone has defined as capitalism gone nudist) in Germany and Italy, of Communism in Russia (which is economics running amuck), has now been added a curiosity in Alberta, a western province of Canada, called Social Credit (which is the big bad wolf of capitalism disguised in the lamb's skin of social welfare). Whereas the principles and workings of the personal dictatorship under Fascism and the dictatorship of the proletariat under Communism are fairly well-known in this country, comparatively few people had ever heard of a dictatorship of the consumer, as the Social Creditors call their system, until the recent victory of that party in the provincial elections in Alberta last August.

Led by William Aberhart, for twenty years principal of a high school in Calgary, the Social Credit party promised the Albertans a speedy return to prosperity by payment to every bona-fide citizen of the province a dividend of at least $25 per month. In the words of the victorious Aberhart, the movement "spread like mea-

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sles," securing fifty-seven of the sixty-three seats in the provincial legislature. With a clear mandate from the people, the leader promised to establish his system within the next eighteen months. Meanwhile the rest of the depression-ridden world has settled down to watch the progress of this experiment, which has been made possible, according to Aberhart, "by a revolution not of bullets but of ballots."

In London, Major C. H. Douglas, an engineer-economist who formulated the theories back of Social Credit as early as 1918, watches with anxious concern this test of his brain-child, fearing to come out in the open and officially claim it as his own until he can see how it behaves under the tutelage of the gray-haired foster parent and teacher, William Aberhart.

FOLLOWING the war Douglas, who enjoys an income from royalties on his inventions and books, became interested in economics. He observed the great disparity between the amount of goods produced, or that could be produced with the world's industrial system, and the amount of goods that was or could be bought and consumed under the system of financial capitalism. After a study of conditions Douglas reached the conclusion, by no means original, that the chief problem of modern economics is not one of production but one of distributing the abundance of goods produced. Differing with the Socialists who proposed to nationalize and then intensify production (which could, of course, be done only after a long evolution or after an immediate and violent revolution) Douglas maintained that the problem of distribution could be solved without any disturbance of capitalism, by a frontal attack on the modern financial system which has immobilized consumption.

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This immobility of money, i.e. the failure of the mass of people to secure sufficient money to purchase goods of mass production, he explained by his now famous A+B theorem, which his disciples claim has never been refuted. In the A+B theorem, A represents the flow of purchasing power to the masses through wages, salaries and dividends. These all go into price. The second class of payments entering into the financial or cost price is represented by B, which includes all payments such as bank charges, overhead costs, taxes and raw materials. It is then asserted that if A+B represents the cost price under the financial system, the rate of flow of purchasing power to individuals must be less than the rate of flow of prices in the same period of time. More succinctly, the rate of flow of price cannot be less than A+B, nor can A (that is, salaries, wages and dividends) purchase A+B (that is, the total cost).

The main virtue of the A+B theorem, basic to the program of Social Credit, is that it describes with a fair degree of accuracy the process whereby money is not only concentrated upward but is actually created and destroyed by the banks. This process of credit creation and destruction by the financiers works in the following manner. A manufacturer wishing to secure financial backing for plant enlargement approaches a bank for a loan. The banker agrees to finance the project, and makes a loan to the man by crediting his account with the desired amount, say $50,000. Actually no currency has passed hands, but the money of the bank depositors is there to back up this credit account against which the borrower can check at any time. Instead of the banker finding himself with less money on hand, he actually has more, for his deposits have been increased by the $50,000 in deposit credit just created, against which he can make

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additional loans. Against these in turn, when credited to a deposit account in his bank, he can issue still other loans, etc., etc., until the financial superstructure gets too top-heavy, as just before the crash in October 1929.

Now about nine-tenths of the finances of the modern world exist in the form of credits, with actually a minimum amount of coin and currency ever entering into any save small retail transactions. Pointing to this power of the bankers to create what actually passes for money by a simple and inexpensive system of bookkeeping, Major Douglas insists that private bankers have usurped one of the chief functions of the state, the control and issuance of money.

Now, returning to the A+B theorem of finances, one can see that the repayment of this loan plus the added interest charges enters into the final cost price. As soon, however, as the loan is repayed the credit is destroyed; that is to say, the bank's books are cleared. Thus the banks not only receive a profit from the transaction for a small cost of bookkeeping, but can remove the money before the articles produced have reached the market. The Douglasites contend that the amount of this destroyed money is an unwarranted cost carried over from a previous stage of production.

Because of his introduction of this so-called time-lag of goods behind credit idea, Major Douglas has been hailed by his followers as the Einstein of economics. However, it is about this time factor that most of the disputes between the Douglasites and economists of other schools are centered. The Marxist explanation of the failure of demand to equal present or possible production scouts the idea of the time-lag as being the culpable party in producing want in the midst of plenty. Marx insisted that a depression is the inevitable result of draining too

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much money from the mass of consumers into the security market for investment in capital goods. The resulting anarchy of production makes for increased plant and production facilities, but progressively declining purchasing power. Investors demand profits; profits can be had only by increased production and lowered wages in a world already overflowing with unbought consumers goods. The inevitable result, according to the Marxists, is that profits begin to diminish, liquidation of securities follows, bringing successively severe panics until the final débâcle of capitalism.

In no respect has Major Douglas ever questioned the value of capitalism as a system. Indeed, he and his followers insist that Social Credit is the only hope for preserving capitalism from the evil machinations of financiers whose stranglehold on credit facilities has brought about its present impasse. They insist that their plan of releasing credit for the good of society will make the rich richer, the well-to-do more well-to-do, and the poor — well, at least better off than they are now on the subsistence dole level.

The program of the Douglasites calls first for the government to recover its control over the monetary system. To do this, the activities of banks and other financial concerns will be limited to their original status of providing a secure and convenient system of depositing for checking accounts, for the maintenance of which they shall receive a fee proportionate to the services rendered. The government would take over all credit-creating facilities and functions. The result would not, the Douglasites hasten to insist, constitute nationalization of the banking system by any means.

Following the resumption of control over the financial system, the government would make a survey of the real

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wealth (somewhat similar to the Energy Survey proposed by the Technocrats) of the nation to serve as the basis for issuing Social Credit to every person in the form of a dividend. This real credit, as distinguished from the financial credit created by the bankers through bookkeeping, is defined by Major Douglas as "the correct estimate of a nation's ability to deliver goods and services, as, when, and where required." These dividends for all, guaranteed by real credit, would be conveyed in the form of non-transferable credit slips. In his Plan for Scotland Major Douglas has estimated that the annual dividend could, measured against the average wealth per family, be as much as $1500 per family.

To prevent the expected upsurge of prices following the issuance of a national dividend, the state would have to establish a "just price." This just price would be determined by a committee of experts who would assess the actual costs of production and add to the total a fair profit for the producer. (When he first conceived the idea of Social Credit, Major Douglas suggested that credit should be made available to the consumer in the form of a scientifically determined discount on retail price when a sale is effected.)

Since the dividends for all are issued against the real wealth of the nation, it is contended that with the release of increased and increasing purchasing power, the capital assets of the state will consequently be expanded. It is expected that production of wealth will maintain its lead over the total of national payments, so that dividends shall continue to be issued at all times. To see that this is done, the state will make money available to bona-fide projects with no interest charges for expansion or construction of new plants as needed. The state will also pay to producers the difference in cost

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price and the just price at which the goods are sold through entries in book credit or in new money.

Against a charge such as that made by Upton Sinclair that "Social Credit is just like printing money," a Douglasite would deny that this is similar to fiat money created out of thin air in the midst of a system of financial capitalism. Such fiat money is outright inflation with none of the backing which Social Credit certificates would have, issued against the assessed and increasing wealth of the nation as a whole. At any rate, if financiers owning little real wealth create credit money, they insist that the government can surely do what the bankers have done with no more disastrous results.

Major Douglas further contends, in his various works, that modern governments confronted by the problem of unemployment have had to resort to devices such as the dole, and work relief disguised as public works, in order to solve the immediate problem of dearth in the midst of abundance. Even worse, the governments have had to borrow the money for their relief activities from private sources, who have used their credit-creating facilities to conjure up money for the purchase of government bonds. This process of money creation by non-governmental agencies for the use of the government — which supposedly enjoys the sole power of money creation — appears to the Douglasite to be the final *reductio ad absurdum*.

Just how closely Major Douglas's ideas will be followed by the Alberta Social Credit Party will be demonstrated within the next few months, provided the legislation of the Provincial Parliament is not declared contrary to the North America Act. In his campaign speeches and in his platform, Aberhart's program follows in the main the three basic principles developed by Douglas: (1) social-

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ization of credit; (2) national dividends for all; and (3) the principle of a just price, bulwarked by government subsidy. The present tendency of Major Douglas to shy away from an outright acceptance of the Albertan experiment is probably due, first, to his dislike for the unorthodox manner in which his economic principles were handled in the rough-and-tumble game of politics and, second, to his feeling that Alberta is too small a laboratory for a careful test of an economic system he regards as more likely to succeed on a national scale.

ALTHOUGH at first Major Douglas was optimistic about the immediate acceptance of his plan by capitalists as well as laborers, he has since realized that his theories will encounter much resistance from both groups, and that much preliminary work will have to be done to remove obstacles to the establishment of a state functioning on social credit lines. In Alberta, for example, there was a considerable flight of finance capital following the elections.

Despite quibbling over terms, any assumption by the government of the power to create credit, social or financial, would be tantamount to nationalization of the banking system in this modern world where the provision for deposit accounts constitutes only a small part of the banking system. The bank envisaged under the Social Credit plan, restricted only to deposit functions, would be no more a bank than the Postal Savings department is at the present time. In regard to the establishment of a "just price" to the consumer, it is claimed by the followers of Douglas that this is not price control, necessitating police or strong-arm enforcement, but merely price regulation. Of course, it is evident that some distinction between regulation and control of prices may

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be maintained in theory, but in practical application regulation and control would appear one and the same thing to a manufacturer of goods who would have to sell his product at an established price.

So far the objections to the Social Credit dictatorship of the consumer have all been taken from the plane of the everyday political and economic realities inherent in our capitalistic system. The most valid arguments against this promised panacea for all the ills of capitalism can be taken from the field of economics and psychology.

With regard to economics, the so-called invulnerable A+B theorem, while in part descriptive of conditions, can be demonstrated to be in the main inaccurate. A, representing the income through wages, salaries and dividends, presents only a part of the picture. This income is supplemented by a part of B, which represents overhead expenses, bank charges, taxes and raw materials. These items are by no means frozen after payment, but are returned in great part to the consuming public, that is, into circulation, by payment as rent, utility bills, stenographic and office expenses, clerks' salaries, salaries of Civil Service and other governmental employees; while the money spent for raw materials, such as cotton, is widely distributed. If then the total cost is represented by A+B, of course A cannot buy A+B, but supplemented by some income from B (although by no means all) A plus a part of B can purchase a greater quantity of goods costing A+B than Major Douglas's original theorem suggests as possible. The remainder, unbought or unsold, can be attributed not in whole to the time-lag of the sale of these goods behind credit-issue and credit-recall, but to the fact that the realization of profits demands a share of the final price. All of these profits if not immediately spent again — and some of them are — accumulate over

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a period of time. This accumulation of unspent profits, only a part of which ever reaches the coffers of the bankers, is eventually invested in securities and frozen as far as the creation of continued effective demand is concerned, except insofar as it is released by government relief to business and the unemployed, as it is being done under the various New Deal alphabetical agencies.

Another objection to the A+B theorem is that which dooms all formulas in the attempt to make hard and fast categories, unless supported by rigid definitions of the various items represented by the symbols of the formula.

The most fundamental objection to the Social Credit plan lies in the domain of psychology. Although psychology cannot be called a science in the sense that physics is, nevertheless its postulates are at least as well defined as those of any school of economics. However man may have come to accept the belief, he nevertheless holds a deep conviction that money is no better than the majority of men think it is. Based on this obsession is the idea that money is a commodity and, as a corollary of this, that price is the expression of a proportion of goods to a proportion of gold. Irrespective of the conflicting ideas as to the value of a gold standard, "Gold, gold . . . Yellow hard and cold" is still the fetish to the minds of the majority of mankind, and in the final analysis this belief in its value is the *ultimate test* of the value of any money viewed as a commodity.

As a consequence of this firmly entrenched belief, the more money there is in existence, the less valuable it becomes. Thus any issuance of credit certificates against the real wealth of the nation, as distinguished from the supply of gold possessed by the nation, is inflation even if disguised, and is subject to the same inexorable

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eccentricities of inflation as occurred in Germany and Russia following the World War.

Perhaps the contention that the man power, machine power, industrial equipment, natural resources — in a word the infinite possibilities of man for the creation of material goods — constitute the real wealth of a nation is true; but human nature (or shall we say conviction?) being what it is, still insists on gold as the basis for its money, despite its manifold disadvantages. Before Social Credit can hope to succeed, its advocates will therefore have to educate mankind out of its irrational belief in gold as its final monetary standard, and re-educate it into an acceptance of real wealth as a guaranty for its medium of exchange. Meanwhile it would be well to provide for educating the governmental officials — who will determine the "just price," lend money without interest, and issue the credit certificates against the assessed wealth — in the principles of super-bookkeeping methods and in a sense of restraint in the use of powers.

Analyzed against a long-term perspective, the dictatorship of the consumer proposed by the Douglas theories has little to offer a despairing humanity. It differs little from other plans that are devised to save capitalism in spite of and from itself. It envisions a collectivism toward which humanity is undoubtedly moving; but either in shame or fear refuses to call itself such. Its successful realization would be of inestimable value in the upward surge of mankind to the good life, but because it fails to take into account man as he is, postulating in his place an abstract Economic Man, the Social Credit experiment is doomed from the start.

Much can be learned, however, from such experiments as this one to be inaugurated in Alberta. Undoubtedly finance capital has usurped too much of the govern-

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ment's (that is, the people's) power to create money. Perhaps valuable lessons in the control of the banking system can be learned from observing the Albertan project. But perhaps the greatest lessons will be negative: We may learn from its mistakes and almost certain failure that the attempt to make man into a creature guided by economic motives alone is a denial of the spirit of humanity itself. Out of a cumulation of such lessons, some day there may develop a true science of economics, incorporating a knowledge of the human spirit as well as of man's material impulses.

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Ambition on a May Morning

KILE CROOK

To waken quietly; to hear the lull
Of ripples slogging on the craft's low hull;
To rise when the clean eastern sun invades
My bunk and flashes on the Palisades;
To straighten up the cabin tidily
And then, with buckets full of Tappan Zee,
To swab the planks. Perhaps I might enlarge
My acquaintance, visiting the 'longside barge —
A grain boat, light and bound for Buffalo;
I might climb gingerly about the tow.
But I'd prefer to sun myself on deck
And learn the hills from High Tor to Breakneck;
To see the captain of the *Elsie's* wife
Hang out her wash that leaps with windy life
Above the weathered blue and rain-blenched gray
And russet fleet which stands up Haverstraw Bay;
To feel the passing day boat's waves and swales
When blunt bows lift and dip like tired whales;
To mark on Dunderberg where dogwood grows;
To feel a cooling shade from Anthony's Nose;
To watch the clattering trains for Albany
Speed by with envy of the tow and me
Who slowly trail the tow-line, long and slack,
Past Danskammer's Light and through Lange Rak.

. . . The tug will shudder on and time stand still
Past Cruger's Island, Catskill, Vosenkill . . .
For tows and May are on the Hudson now.
But I, — I captain neither soul nor scow.

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The Golden Age

MARY ELLEN CHASE

IF ONE of them should sit with me," said Miss Elizabeth Warren to herself, "I really don't think I could stick it!"

She referred to any one of fifty girls who streamed through the day coach of the local train about to leave the railroad center for the college town twenty miles distant.

"In fact, I *know* I couldn't," she continued, and straightway prepared herself to combat any such possible disaster.

First she put on her most forbidding classroom expression and enhanced it by her heaviest shell-rimmed spectacles. Then, balancing her briefcase on her knees, she drew therefrom a pile of manuscript, calculated, she well knew, to repel even a Phi Beta Kappa aspirant. Her fountain-pen came next, and with it an air of complete concentration.

In a way she regretted the necessity for such intrenchment. She would have liked during the familiar half-hour journey to look at the snowy valley, the blue, tumbling Berkshires, the dark line of the half-open river bordered here and there by great, gaunt clusters of willows. She would have liked to watch for the college spires, which were surprisingly good for American architecture, and which always reminded her pleasurably of her two years at Oxford. But she was tired from a long journey in a Pullman car, from the shallow, dressing-room confidences of voluble, nondescript women in silly negligées, and she wanted to be let alone. If she looked unoccupied now, it was more than likely as the car filled and seats became

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scarce that some girl would engage her in conversation; if, once they had started, she gazed idly out of the window, she felt terribly sure that she must sacrifice her peace to news of a houseparty at New Haven or Williamstown, or to amateur observations on a Broadway play.

For (and Miss Warren gave herself this confidence, modestly enough and with entire truth) she was not one who repelled students either by her learning or by her appearance. She was not one who, because of herself, discouraged study as a pastime or teaching as a profession. She did not wear side-combs or long skirts, corsets or high shoes. She did not totally disregard her hair or her complexion. She was not one who walked the campus in an abstracted fashion, the easy prey to automobiles or bicycles. Tremendously interested though she was in classical learning, she was interested also in clothes. She was not at this moment unaware that her recent appearance on the platform of the Learned Society before which she had just given a paper, had had quite as much, yea, *more*, to do with the impression she had made as had her acknowledged erudition concerning the poet Vergil. At thirty-five she still liked men, companionably if not sentimentally.

"I don't want to marry," she said often to herself, "and I'm perfectly happy. But it's wholesome to have men around."

In short, at normal times she was quite approachable. Now and then she gave teas in her attractive apartment, teas with gay cakes, up-to-date teas with expensive cigarettes. And not for a moment did her books piled to the ceiling discourage or dim the fact that she was a woman as well as a scholar!

But this was no normal time. She was disgruntled and

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dirty. Triumphant as had been her reception by the Learned Society, to whom she had given proof that women could successfully compete in scholarship with men, it had been likewise wearing. She was tired, and *she was not going to talk*. If looking out of the window with safety was denied her, she would gaze upon her manuscript, ostensibly deep in Latin, in reality mulling many things over in her mind.

For just at this hour life seemed unusually complex and complicated to Miss Warren. She was tormented by questions impossible to answer, by the conviction that nothing and no one were really what they seemed to be, by the knowledge that everybody, herself included, played a game with previously loaded dice. She wondered what was going to be the future of women in her profession. Even the recollection of the plaudits of the Learned Society could not blind her eyes to serious and stubborn stumbling-blocks in the way of her sex. She wondered what was to happen to colleges anyway, now that silly, mindless girls came in such hordes to them, bent on everything but education. She wondered, too, how in these days of depression positions could be found for those more seriously concerned with their futures. She wondered how she could possibly continue throughout this new semester to teach Vergil and Catullus to girls like Jane Williams, to whom she had recently given the *F* she so richly deserved. She wondered if life had ever been really as simple as Vergil pictured it in his pastorals, when a poet sang "while he wove a basket of slim, mallow shoots," if people were really as artless in that faraway and golden age. She wondered if ever in all the world there had been such a chaotic, hopeless time as the present.

"All I want really," she told herself, "all I want in the

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world is to be *sure* that everything and everyone isn't all mixed up!"

At last to her intense relief the train began to move. She closed her eyes to Vergil and her ears to laughter, and withdrew still farther into her corner. The coast seemed clear from annoyance and interruption. About to assure herself fully on her success, she felt rather than saw a man settle himself into the unoccupied half of her seat. To say that she was disturbed would be a gross understatement. She was vexed beyond expression.

The feet of the man told her that he was not young. The overcoat which he was removing with such deliberation confirmed her knowledge. Well, perhaps after all things might have been worse. He would at least not talk to her, and she could quietly watch the hills just now coming into sight beyond the outskirts of the city.

But she had reckoned without even the tacit coöperation of her companion. Hardly seated, he began to manifest signs of extreme restlessness. Nor did he seem in the least anxious to control its manifestations. He pulled up the knee of one trouser's leg and then the other; he crossed and recrossed his feet; he straightened his tie; he pulled down his waistcoat; he procured his handkerchief and flecked some dust, real or imaginary, from the toe of a carefully polished shoe. Finally, concentrating his attention on his coat-sleeves, he began a kind of rhythmic twitching of them, first the right and then the left.

Miss Warren bit her lips with vexation. Yet, annoyed as she was, she could not conceal from herself the surprise she felt that anyone could be so unconscious of the effect he was producing, could so naturally give expression to whatever was troubling him. In spite of her determination to keep herself strictly to herself, she looked at him.

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She saw a middle-aged man, perhaps fifty years old, with gray hair and a close-cropped gray moustache. From his profile she could not see the singular wideness in the setting and the character of his eyes. But this she was soon to discover; for, after gazing interestedly at the girls who crammed the train, he turned suddenly toward Elizabeth Warren and addressed her quite as though it were the most normal, not to say inevitable thing to do.

"They're nice girls, aren't they?"

"I hope so," said Miss Warren. She spoke not at all pleasantly, and with a deliberate skepticism calculated to forestall all other advances.

He continued to divide his interest between his coat-sleeves and the girls. Then, after the shortest possible interval,

"Aren't you a teacher yourself? Perhaps at the college?"

"Yes," said Miss Warren. Annoyed as she was, she was forced to admit his charm and her own curiosity.

"I was sure of it the moment I sat down by you. What do you teach?"

"Latin," said Miss Warren. "They find it very dull."

He turned full face toward her. It was then that she saw the singular and ingenuous wideness of his blue eyes.

"Dull!" he cried. "Dull! But that's impossible! I still read Latin a bit myself. Not that I'm a scholar — dear me, no! I never even went to college. The fact is, I'm a farmer, like a good many of the ancients. But I went to a good school — one of the best — and I kept right on with my books. I read Vergil especially. One needs him, don't you think?"

Miss Warren's fortifications fell with a crash. Was this, indeed, the golden age? Had it once more returned, free of intricacy and chaos?

"I'm sure farmers do," continued this strange classicist,

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disregarding her failure to answer him. "You remember,

> 'O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norant,
> Agricolas!'

It's true, too. The farmers are the happiest people in the world in spite of all they say about hard times on the land. And what could be better when the ploughing's on, or the harvesting for that matter, than to read a bit of Vergil in the evenings?"

"Nothing," said Miss Warren with a fervor that surprised herself. "Perhaps you remember, too, how he said he walked in the blossoming way of lowly Quiet and Peace while other greater ones went to war and ruled nations."

His childlike eyes glowed with pleasure.

"The very thing I quote to my daughter when she wishes I were anything but a farmer. Only there was none greater than he in any age or time. I forgot. I have a daughter in college, and she studies Latin. She's terribly interested in it, she writes me. Maybe she puts it on a bit, knowing my own enthusiasm, but she's a nice girl."

"I'm sure she is," said Miss Warren with even added fervor. "Perhaps, I know her. What's her name?"

"Jane Williams. Now can it be possible — ?"

Miss Warren was conscious of a sudden and painful mental readjustment.

"Jane! She *is* nice. She's in my Latin class."

"Then you're Miss Warren. Well, well! Now this *is* a pleasure which I hadn't counted on." Turning in his seat, he extended his hand. "I do hope Jane does well for you. She says she thinks she's pretty good — or *gets by*, at least. That was her term."

"Jane," said Elizabeth Warren, feeling for her words,

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"Jane has a rich imagination and — and real humor! She — she *is* a nice girl."

"She is. Thank you for discovering it. She's like her mother, though sometimes, as I tell her, she puts people off the track, deceives them about herself. Perhaps all girls do. You see, her mother is dead, and I've brought her up myself, all her life. It's not been easy always, but I've done my best."

"Oh, I'm sorry!"

"Thank you," he said again and turned for a moment to his neglected sleeves. Then,

"It's a great relief to me to have met you, Miss Warren, just like this. With all Jane has told me about you (and knowing my interest in Vergil, she's been very generous) I feel that you're an old friend. Now I wonder if you'd mind if I asked you a really personal question?"

She had ceased to be surprised. In the face of artlessness such as this she merely waited.

"Not at all," she assured him.

He bent nearer and lowered his voice.

"It's this. I trust you won't think it's too informal. You see, I've never been to see Jane before, and I'm — well, I'm a bit anxious she should be proud of me, showing me to her friends and all. I've been worrying about this suit. I had it made a week ago, especially for this trip, and I've not been sure it sets as it should. I'm sure you know. You look so nice yourself."

As Elizabeth Warren turned to inspect the suit, she told herself that this was not the graceless year 1936, but some former, simpler age, and she was more sure of it when her companion suddenly rose and stood quite unconcernedly for a moment so that she could view his back also.

"I'm sure it's perfect," she said. "That nice Oxford

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gray." Incredulous, she heard her own voice adding, "And it's vastly becoming with your hair and eyes."

"I'm immensely relieved," he said, resuming his seat and abandoning all attention to his sleeves. "I was anxious. And there's just one thing more. It may seem foolish to you, but it's important just now to me. These girls, you know!"

Reaching into a pocket of his coat, he drew out a small parcel.

"I bought these ties this morning between trains, and I'm not sure which is better. Now if you think this blue one more becoming than the green I've got on — if you think Jane and her friends would like it better — I've still time to change."

"Don't think of it," said Miss Warren with a sudden tightening in her throat. "That green one is perfect. Green is awfully good this year, you know."

"I can't tell you how you've relieved my mind," he said, returning the parcel to his pocket. "The suit was a bit of a luxury — I don't usually indulge myself this way, but one does so want his daughter — well, you understand."

For a moment Miss Warren felt murderous toward Jane and all others of her thoughtless sort who, if by the slightest chance they were blessed with fathers like this, doubtless did not know enough to appreciate them. And then the awful realization of Jane's recently acquired *F* began to weigh upon her mind like a load of the heaviest metal. Her companion was speaking again.

"And now since you and Jane are friends already, and we all three have a common enthusiasm in Vergil, I'm sure you'll lunch with us."

To refuse him, she thought, would be like disturbing something placid and still.

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"I'd love to, but there's Jane. She might rather see you alone."

"Not at all. She'll be honored."

As Miss Warren knew only too well, any honor Jane might have felt was not sufficient to banish a sinking feeling when she saw her father helping from the train her Latin professor. Grades had been out for three days, and Jane knew the worst. But she conducted herself with an ease possible only to her immediate generation, and Miss Warren did her best to follow after.

"Father, you're perfectly darling in that new suit! Isn't he, Miss Warren?"

"Miss Warren has already reassured me on the train, my dear. I made so bold as to ask her."

Jane flashed a look at Miss Warren, who was relieved to see that it contained less an apology for her father than an understanding of him.

"And you'll be pleased, Jane," he continued, "that Miss Warren is to lunch with us."

"Jolly!" said Jane. "Suppose we say *The Blue Bowl* if that suits you, Miss Warren? I'll show father around the campus this morning." Did the second look which she flashed her Latin professor implore concealment, or was there in it only a resigned acceptance of her fate?

Elizabeth Warren spent the two hours intervening in careful preparation for lunch. There was no little thinking necessary in view of Jane's *F*, no easy stilling of her conscience once she had irrevocably decided that she could not under any circumstances reveal the news to Jane's father. And for some reason, which she could not take time to analyze in view of her perturbed mind, she wanted to look her very best. No girl, she decided, could be ashamed of her, as a teacher or as a friend, when she was once arrayed in the smartest of early spring hats and

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the most stylish of suits. And she presented herself, not without satisfaction in her appearance though with some mental misgivings, exactly at one o'clock.

Luncheon was fortunately without accident, though once complete shipwreck threatened.

"I suppose it might be a bit personal, my dear, to ask your grade right here in the presence of the donor."

"Absolutely, father. I'll tell you later before you — "

"You can't," interrupted Miss Warren then, trying her utmost to appear facetious to one and admonitory to the other. "You really can't tell him, Jane, for as a matter of fact I've not made my final computations."

Did she at that moment feel beneath the table a grateful pressure against her ankle?

"I'm not at all worried," he said, resting his hand for a moment against his daughter's sleeve. It was a long, thin hand with sensitive fingers. Miss Warren suddenly saw it holding Jane's grade sheet, and she felt all at once queer and empty. "Jane never really fails me. Of course, sometimes — but then she's getting a lot from college and, as she says, study isn't everything. Though as I tell her, I've found books better to live with than most people."

"Jane is writing me a very interesting paper," said Miss Warren. "It's on *Vergil as a Prophet of the New Age*. Her first draft was — was original, but as I told her too — too sketchy. If your father really isn't staying over, Jane, you might come and see me about it tonight."

JANE came at eight, bearing with her a long box which, opened, revealed poets' narcissus and violets. Within was a card: "Vergil's flowers from the Golden Age."

"Nothing would do but those," said the girl, standing a bit embarrassed among Miss Warren's books. "He

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wouldn't consider any other kinds. Miss Warren, you've been awfully decent. Really now — "

"I think," said Miss Warren, flushing a little in her turn, "that we'd both be more comfortable if we had a cigarette, don't you?"

"Thanks. These are nice. I can't afford them." From the depths of a big chair she looked a bit more at ease. "You see father's such an old dear, but he just oughtn't to be in this world at all. He's too — well, *simple*. You know."

"Yes," said Miss Warren, "I do. I know exactly. But the point is, not that he oughtn't to be in this world, but that we ought to be a bit more in his, don't you think?"

"Maybe," said Jane. "But it's hard to escape with this one about your ears so. I guess perhaps if you're placed in it, you have to stick it — noise and all."

"Perhaps," said Miss Warren. "But it's awfully refreshing and new, don't you think, to find someone who's out of it — at least in his mind?"

"I guess 'tis, now I think about it. I'll admit this life gets pretty thick sometimes." She sat up in the big chair and stared defiantly at her Latin professor. "You don't think for a moment that we like it this way, do you? — That we don't get confused, too, with all this noise and hustle?"

"I didn't know," began Miss Warren. "I guess perhaps I thought you didn't mind it much. As a lot, you're rather — gay."

"Well, the others can speak for themselves, only they won't. I hate it most of the time — everything piling up on you all the time, everyone always going some place or other — no chance for the things you *really* want to do. But I'm not publishing the fact around these parts. It isn't done."

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"You needn't mind me," said Miss Warren. "I'm safe."

The girl jumped to her feet. She had already said far more than she had meant to say, and yet she had not broached the subject nearest them both.

"I'm — I'm no end grateful to you for saving my life the way you did at lunch. It was splendid of you." She hesitated. One must beware of showing too much appreciation to the faculty. That, too, wasn't done. "At least," she finished, "I don't have to tell him for a week, and by that time he'll be back on the farm and won't take it so hard."

She moved toward the door, but Miss Warren intercepted her.

"You're never going to tell him," she said. "I just can't have him disappointed in you. The course is a year course, and there aren't any final grades till June. Tell him that. It's not actually a lie, and if it was, I shouldn't mind. And if you will work that paper over and do with it what I know you *can* do, I'll raise your grade with a free conscience."

"Work!" cried Jane in her turn. "I'll make Vergil a major prophet. I'll do *anything* to save father from knowing what a lazy fool I've been. You see, I just never *got* him quite as I have today."

She paused with her hand on the latch. The college clock was chiming the half hour.

"I forgot to tell you," she announced, gazing in some confusion at the flowers already in a silver bowl below the bust of Vergil, "I forgot to tell you that Father offered to send me to Italy this summer on a Vergilian cruise for students. He said he'd like to reward me for working so hard and taking such an interest in my Latin! He said he hadn't realized how good I was until he'd talked with you! But I told him I thought we'd be happier, he and I,

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right on the farm by ourselves at home. I haven't been with him a summer for years, and after all a farm is the best place for Vergil, isn't it? Of course, he, poor dear, will be thinking of Vergil and I'll be thinking of the *B* I shall earn from you in June. But anyway I've made up my mind. We settled it today, and he *was* pleased."

Elizabeth Warren sat for a long time after Jane had left, and even after the moonlight, flooding her window, had silvered the violets and the poet's narcissus. She hated to go to bed, and even more to wake again upon a mundane world with people playing everywhere their little rôles. For, through a chance encounter on a local train, herself all undeserving, the Golden Age had come again, and for a brief season she had walked as the poet himself had done in the blossoming way of Quiet and of Peace.

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Book Reviews

NORTH TO THE ORIENT. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Harcourt Brace, $2.50.

IT WAS, of course, a foregone conclusion that any book published over the signature "Anne Morrow Lindbergh" would be certain of some, and probably of a very large degree of success. But "North to the Orient" deserves, on its own merits, all the acclaim it has received. A delightful book, it reveals charm and a swift sense of humor, as well as quick and generous sympathy, intelligence and sensitive response. It has, too, that quality which can only be called friendliness. Reading it, you feel that you have learned to know and to like Mrs. Lindbergh.

There is a preface in which she explains her object in writing the book as being an attempt to recapture some of the magic of the truly marvelous contrasts of that adventurous airplane journey — contrasts of primitive and ultra-modern conditions. Three hours' flight took them from civilization to the solitudes of Baker Lake, never before visited by a white woman. As they passed high over the gray, isolated wastes of Victoria Land, radio kept them in touch with the great cities of the world. Like a fairy-tale, yes; but in common with other fairy-tales, it has its giants and witches and ogres. The plane soars up into the clear blue sky and overhead the sun is shining; but beneath the fog has closed in, hiding those malevolent giants, the mountain peaks, and the fuel will last just so long and no longer. Fog is the special demon of Mrs. Lindbergh's narrative, and the most exciting passage in the book is the vivid, dramatic account of the flight over the Chishima Islands, when once and again Colonel Lindbergh tried to find a landing place, "like a knife going down the side of a pie-tin, between fog and mountain," and she found herself wondering whether this flight were not destined to be their last. How ironic then must have seemed that "Welcome to Japan!" which had but recently come to them over the radio!

Of all the beneficent genii who helped them to make a success of their thrilling journey, none was more active or more

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important than this same radio. But it was a genie who claimed heavy dues of service. When Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh decided to travel — like the adventurers of old — "North to the Orient," they faced two especial difficulties. The first was the question of supplies: the plane could carry a weight of only a certain number of pounds, and they were going to the Arctic and to the tropics. At any time, moreover, they might be compelled to make a forced landing in some wilderness, and they must have food enough to last for many days, besides tools and equipment for emergency repairs. And if they hoped to return in safety, they must have radio, and know how to use it. Mrs. Lindbergh very amusingly describes her struggles with the Morse code and "the theory of regeneration in the vacuum tube." She passed her examinations, equipment and supplies were arranged, but neither she nor her husband realized half they had done until the newspapers told them all about it the morning after the plan for their trip was announced. "Our routes, stops, distances, and fuel consumption were all accurately planned out for us"; while someone had "gleaned all the statistics for years about weather, winds, and flying conditions across the Arctic," not to mention a number of other things. They received information in abundance, but Mrs. Lindbergh gently hints that much of it was about as accurate as the description of her costume given his audience by the radio announcer on the broiling hot morning of the start, when, glancing at her where she stood bareheaded in a "sticky cotton blouse," he blandly remarked, "Mrs. Lindbergh is wearing a leather flying helmet and leather coat."

The book is one of impressions rather than any systematic account of a journey. The little group of men at the trading post at Baker Lake, so pitifully eager for news from "outside"; the arrival of the one boat which comes each year to Atlavik — these are the things of which she tells. In Russia, the Lindberghs did "all the things that one is supposed to do"; but what remains real and significant to her is the memory of the two women in Karazinski "smiling over my baby's picture," and of the men "tipping back their chairs and laughing at our crossing the date line" without realizing it. Japan to her is the exquisite hospitality of the fisherman's hut, the charming

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ceremonial of the Tea House, the grace and appreciative vision "which saw beauty in the smallest things" — which shone through and illuminated even "the paper and string of life." The memory of Japan is a memory of the "singing sailors" who came to help when help was terribly needed, a memory of beauty and the most gracious courtesy, but the impression of China is tragic. For when the Lindberghs arrived, the Yangtze River had risen and flooded all the surrounding country, bringing indescribable desolation as well as incalculable loss of life. Their plane was the only one in China with sufficient range to survey the outer limits of the flood, and their time was spent trying to chart the extent of the damage. In that "starving, dying and devastated land," Colonel Lindbergh attempted to carry medical supplies and two doctors to a flood-beleaguered city, an attempt which very nearly ended in tragedy.

"One could sit still and look at life from the air," remarks Mrs. Lindbergh — and that is, in the main, precisely what this book is, a look at life: life in ice-bound settlements, and paper-walled houses; in moments of comedy and moments of tragedy; in the sure, joyous flight of the plane, and in the fear-stricken moments when fog shrouds the world and the danger of crashing against a mountain-top becomes imminent. There is more, a good deal more, than charm in Mrs. Lindbergh's book, more than an interesting, often exciting account of experiences and surprises and adventures; there is wisdom and sensitivity, modesty and simplicity, the courage of a rare, a valiant and a sympathetic spirit.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

OLD JULES. By Mari Sandoz. Little, Brown, $3.00.

A QUESTION is why this book should have been written at all, why printed, why so widely read. We have here what is nothing less than a full-length biography — detailed, elaborate and illustrated — yet about whom? A discerning daughter, who was under no illusions as to her forceful father, only indicates his identity by the nickname, Old Jules.

Not only was Old Jules a forgotten man. According to the standard of precedence laid down in the most democratic

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edition of "Who's Who," he deserved to be forgotten. What great thought did he express, whether in prose or poetry? What secret of nature did he discover? What of truth or beauty, here or hereafter, did he visualize? What social service did he render, as social service is usually defined? No virtue was conspicuous in Old Jules. He was not a pleasant — certainly not a polite — man to meet. I do not find him to be a pleasant man to read about.

The Trader Horn of Nebraska pursued one absorbing occupation. He was among

> "the pioneer souls that blaze their paths
> Where highways never ran."

Of civilization in Switzerland, he was impatient. Forth he wandered from that Egypt of restraining indulgences into a wilderness where he wandered for the rest of his life.

The customary course of society is from simple to complex — what General Garfield would have called from log-cabin to White House. The Goths who invaded Rome, the Norsemen who were a terror to England, the Moguls who descended on India, were, all of them, barbarians by comparison with the communities that they ravaged. The peculiar experience of the European colonist reverses racial evolution. Men turn not from tents to roofs but from roofs to tents, not from caravans to cities but from cities to caravans. Old Jules started life in a medical school at Zurich. He lived that life, using metaphor, in a covered wagon. The urban reverted to the nomadic, the civilized to the primitive.

Thus do we see men and women returning from art and culture and even faith, to nature, the actual physical struggle for life itself against the elements of the universe — not savages, not animals, in the main, but wind and water and lack of water, cold and heat, the soil that yields little food unless it be subdued by human hands. This book is of the frontier, not only the frontier of the wild and woolly west, but the frontier where life is aligned with death.

Appraisals of personality in these days are classified according to the generation to which we belong. Some are psychologists, others are pre-psychology. In the youngest and least tested of sciences, the older amongst us are primitives and

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the younger are patriarchs. Over Old Jules, there can hardly fail to be agreement. His pioneering was an urge towards self-expression. It was self-expression that drove Livingstone across Africa and marooned Grenfell in Laborador. So with Sandoz of Nebraska.

All of these three men were equipped with medical experience. All handled situations best to be described as nudist in their rough realism. But there was otherwise a distinction between them. Grenfell and Livingstone were animated by what satisfied them as a gospel. They expressed the life that they wanted to live. Their chief criticism of environment in Britain was that it had not been extended to the Arctic and the tropics. Old Jules, on the other hand, was a rebel — not against environment as such, but against the authority of affection within the environment. He was an exile from the family, a bitter insurgent against his own father. His gospel was grievance.

Within man, there is what we call the will and the won't — the inner prerogative of being by which man can choose not indeed his circumstances, nor his capacities, but his way of adapting them to his inward purposes. Old Jules had a strong will. He forced that will on himself and others. He was a leader.

Old Jules, as he advanced "o'er moor and fen and crag and torrent" became a mass of bruises. In mind as in body, he was battered black and blue. The bruises may or may not have been his fault. But they benumbed his finer senses. He was a bruised son, a bruised husband, a bruised father, a bruised citizen within the community. He did not try to behave, except as a brute. He was not uncivilized but decivilized.

His daughter might have detested such a parent. She has preferred the nobler opportunity of understanding, and, in these pages, civilization has a sweet revenge. Around Old Jules, there is woven the silken shroud of simple and elucidating language. He is not defended — there can be no defense. But he is revealed, and to know all is usually to forgive. In these confessional pages, Old Jules is shriven of his many sins, and is admitted again to Nebraska — this time as a paradise, and for us a library of regional archives.

P. W. WILSON

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SILAS CROCKETT. By Mary Ellen Chase. Macmillan, $2.50.

THE notable efflorescence of regional literature in Maine during the past five years is one of the most striking literary phenomena of the times, and constitutes a significant phase of the whole movement in this country toward the study and evaluation of the American past. In its more romantic and sentimental aspects, the trend may perhaps be explained as an extreme unrest in the present, and an attempt to swing the mind backward into happier days; but the best writing it has produced is of more lasting importance than it could be, if it were merely embodied nostalgia.

Certain of the regional writers, among them Mary Ellen Chase, are not so much filled with a yearning for another time — the Golden Age that has always fired the fancy of mankind — as they are concerned with the survival of fine and lasting traits of character that have come down to us as first-hand evidence that not quite all we know about the past lies in the realm of the imagination. In other words, they are writing inspirational literature — translating into human terms the spiritual content of the past, and are showing us how strangely and how strongly, good qualities survive from one age to another, even though they may seem at times to be lost through a general sense of changing values.

Every effort that is made to recapture the past is looked upon by the superficial as no more than an attempt to evade the present. This is particularly true when a new literary movement springs into being — such as the rise of the proletarian cult in fiction in this country, which has taken place alongside the regionalistic delving into our past, and which is essentially contemporary, because most of its followers either disregard history or reduce it so completely to economics that its lessons are worth nothing in any other field. Novelists like Miss Chase are fundamentally for people who believe in the changeless things of the spirit.

She began her contribution to the reconstruction of Maine history with an autobiography, "The Goodly Heritage," which was almost a novel in form, although its incidents were all taken from life. The title was significant, and will serve, I suspect, as a sort of general title for all her work. At least it

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might easily take in her first novel, "Mary Peters" and her second, "Silas Crockett." The first was a full-length study of a woman, a chronicle in which the emphasis was upon character, the strength to face up to whatever trials life may bring. The second has a similar theme with a considerably more varied cast of characters and background.

In fact, as "The Goodly Heritage" was the history of a Maine woman's life from infancy to the middle years, and "Mary Peters" the equally vivid, equally fine and penetrating history of another Maine woman, "Silas Crockett" is the history of a family through four generations, or, to put it another way, the history of Saturday Cove over a period of a hundred years, from 1830 to the present. It is, therefore, a chronicle novel, in which Time supplies the forward motion, and in which the emphasis, as Miss Chase says in her brief foreword, is "purposely placed more upon setting and character than upon plot and incident. The strength and appeal of the chronicle novel depend upon the successful re-creation of the past, its re-vivification, and at this Miss Chase, quite obviously without taking any liberties, exhibits notable skill.

Men readers will find her discussing ships in full detail, and if it is not ships they happen to love, but houses, writing of one of those marvelous early American artisans as if she had known and talked to him. Women will find that there is nothing missing from her description of a wedding feast — what valiant trenchermen those ancestors of ours were! — and fully informed about all the changes in styles from one period to another. It is not difficult to guess the amount of loving research that has gone into such a novel as "Silas Crockett." But there are no museum trappings in the novel — only the settings for understandable, real people, able to reach out and touch lives with ours.

It was Thomas Winship, father of the Solace whom Silas Crockett married and took to sea, who built both ships and houses. A ship's carpenter who had traveled the seven seas, he came home to put all the good architecture he had seen into his meeting houses. About one of these Miss Chase writes:

> In it Sir Christopher Wren lived again, Samuel McIntyre, Charles Bulfinch, and other builders now nameless, whose homes and churches and public buildings Thomas Winship

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had studied with an eye to shrewd and reverent emulation. For the New England meeting-house in its best and noblest form is an incorporation, a unification, a synthesis of the art and the architecture of many centuries, many lands and many peoples.

The four panels which make up Miss Chase's historical screen of one century are the lives of Silas Crockett, his son Nicholas, his grandson Reuben, and his great-grandson Silas Crockett II. Silas the first came along in the opulent 'thirties and lived on into the even more opulent 'forties when money was easy for men who could sail ships. Nicholas went to sea, but lost his life when he had to become a fisherman to support his family. The best Reuben could do was to find a job on a coastwise steamer, the Searsport, and, when she was finally laid up, on a ferryboat. There was no more sea for Silas II, and we leave him working in a herring factory.

In other hands this downhill course of a family might have come out as a study of degeneracy, but as I have already said Miss Chase is showing us people who do not yield to change and misfortune. And behind each of the men is a woman fit to be his mate, from the lovely Solace Winship, who married Silas I, to the brave and modern Ann, whom we leave ready to marry Silas II.

Miss Chase is too intelligent to write a sentimental line; it is merely that she knows, which some other novelists do not, that there are, and always have been, good and strong people, and that they are worth writing about. If there were not these devoted and instinctive fighters of chaos, we should have gone under long ago, and it is worth while to spend time in the company of as many of them as we can come to know in life or fiction.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

RED SKY IN THE MORNING. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Macmillan, $2.50.

DOWN in Maine, winters are long and bitter hard, and summers are as brief as opportunity; and the folk who dwell there have perforce learned to live warily and frugally, following proved and tested ways, avoiding experiment and waste and every folly. To survive, it has been necessary for

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them to be thrifty not only of substantial things, but even of emotional expenditures.

Under this enforced parsimony, the lusty blood of the old Maine families too often has run thin and pale, flowing nowadays through the veins of a generation a little afraid of love and life, shrinking from marriage, secretly feeling that there is something scandalous in the bearing even of lawful children. The remark of the old lady, one of whose younger acquaintances had just presented her husband with a second baby in three years — "I declare, I always thought Mary was such a lady" — epitomizes this attitude of mind with sufficient completeness.

The Princes who lived on Whaleboat Island and Menhaden, the people in Mr. Tristram Coffin's book, "Red Sky in the Morning," derive from generations of sea captains; but the old stout blood, salt-seasoned, in them is become pale and flavorless. Frank, the chaste bachelor, is in other respects a wise, sane man; but he cannot bring himself to plain speech about simple physical things, even to save the boy he loves. Rupert Prince boasted that he was a libertine, that he had loved many women and been loved by them; yet his boasts perhaps were lies, set up defensively against the accusation that he had not dared to marry. Daniel Prince in hot youth had married and bred two sons before, as his blood cooled, he became ashamed of the immodesty of fatherhood, and hid his shrinking fear of a repetition of that indiscretion behind a mask of loudly-vaunted jealousy.

One of his sons was Will; and "Red Sky in the Morning" is the story of Will's mind just before and just after puberty. The story is told by recording the boy's emotional reactions to what he observes of the sex impulse in his elders. The shrinking fear of healthy flesh is strong upon him. He is ashamed of his own body, ashamed of seeing the bodies of other men. He is embarrassed and miserable when Rupert Prince wears only trunks for swimming, and is hairy on chest and thigh. He is uncomfortable in the consciousness of his father's bulk and strength; finds something disturbing even in the mustache Uncle Frank wears. And he is most ashamed of all when in tenderness his mother touches him. To Will the most hideous part of the hideous dream which precedes the tragic conclu-

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sion of his story, is that in the dream he saw his father naked.

As a child, lying awake at night in his small room in the small mean house on Whaleboat, he heard his father jealously upbraid his mother. Those half heard, half understood accusations obsess Will afterward, sharpening his perceptions, leading him to watch his mother and Rupert, the braggart libertine, with a preternatural acuteness. And all his thoughts are colored and controlled by the fact that he loves his father with a love essentially feminine, that he shrinks from his mother as the true Prince menfolk shrink from all womankind.

Will plays in this book the part of spectator. He acts only once, but when he does so it is with that complete and passionate conviction that what he does is the right and necessary thing to do, of which only a child is capable. The result is a climax as grandly satisfying as that of a classic tragedy.

Mr. Coffin's people are Maine folk; his scene the harsh, rocky, completely beautiful Maine coastal islands. He has understood these folk completely. But to tell their story presented difficulties. To put into their mouths the familiar idiom of the locality would have been to reduce their stature, to belittle them and their emotional lives with which he wished to deal. Yet not to do so was to destroy the authenticity of his locale. He solved the problem by a device both daring and effective. The conversation of his characters is almost completely free from any suggestion of dialect or colloquialism; and in their moments of great emotional stress it is entirely so. But at the same time, since most of the book consists in the author's recital of Will's thoughts, Mr. Coffin was able to cast those thoughts in the Maine idiom, and thus preserve the flavor of his scene.

For brief example, as the book opens, Will is on his way to bring water from a certain spring for his brother David, who is ill; and Mr. Coffin writes:

> It was a long way to the boiling spring his father wanted the water from for David . . . Will knew his father thought more of David than he did of him. David took after his father more in looks . . .

Yet Mr. Coffin is able to merge this colloquial style without a break into the descriptive passages which enrich the book:

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> As Will came up a mound of frozen spindrift, the whole dark ocean lifted up along the black ledges. A crack of white ran all the way along the island and burst into a row of blossoms like giant white lilies. They hung in the air and caught the whole dim shine of coming day. Then they subsided very slowly . . .

Will brought the water home from the spring for David. Home was the mean house on Whaleboat Island where Will's father lived, and ran his lobster pots; and at night abed Will could hear his father in the other room accuse his mother of nameless things. Will brought the water; Will rowed a heavy dory four miles through a gale of wind to fetch a doctor for his brother's sake. But David died, and was buried in the Prince burying ground on the hill above the fine old Prince house on Menhaden, where Uncle Frank lived; and after the funeral they all came down the hill to the house in silence.

And then Will's father said:

> "We will be going back to Whaleboat right away."

And Will's mother:

> "I am not going back to Whaleboat, Daniel. Not ever . . . If you go, you will go alone."

And his father:

> "You will come back with me where you belong or you and I are through for good."

There is no Maine tang to such phrases as these. "We'll git right along home, ma." "I ain't a-going, Dan'l." "Suit yourself! You c'n come or not as yo're a mind to." Something of the sort would more accurately represent what Daniel Prince and his wife did actually say to each other. But Mr. Coffin, knowing this as well as another, was concerned not with their idiom, but with their emotions. This was, for both of them, a moment final and determinate; a moment of sober, stubborn resolution. Mr. Coffin lent their words the dignity which was deserved by the importance of what they meant and felt; and by setting this interchange against a background of paragraphs rich with the local idiom, he secured for the scene a tremendous emphasis.

Which it merited. For this was the turning point in their

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lives, and in Will's. After that day, his mother stayed on Menhaden, and his father went back to Whaleboat. The family was dissolved.

Will would have gone with his father, loving him best. But his father bade him stay behind; and Will came to be happy on Menhaden. Winter passed, and in the spring, "He sang more . . . than he had ever sung in his life. Not loudly. Not when people were around. But low and to himself . . ." Then Rupert Prince, a novelist who had seen the world and — unless he lied — had seduced many women, came to summer here with them. Will watched him get out of the stage. "It struck Will that there was too much to the man. Too much body." But Will's mother liked Rupert and dressed more carefully, as though to please him; and one day on a picnic all together upon an outer island, "suddenly Will felt that something was going to happen. A thing he had dreaded all his life without knowing what it was . . . It was something that had to do with his father . . ."

What happened was that his mother looked at Rupert Prince. "She was unconscious of everything else in the world . . . Her eyes were full of light; a strange light like that he had seen on the edges of the thunderclouds."

There is a breathless pity and terror in Mr. Coffin's record of that summer. The man and the woman, seen always through the eyes of the woman's son, draw guiltily together; and the boy lives in fear of what is to come, and tries in desperate and futile ways to avert it. He appeals to his father. Mr. Coffin, in describing that scene, by adopting an extraordinary expedient, achieves an overpowering effect. Once the interchange between father and son is under way, Mr. Coffin transcribes not what is actually said between them, but what is thought, and what thought answers thought.

Yet Mr. Coffin writes as though these thoughts were in fact translated into acts and speech. The two, father and son, constitutionally inarticulate, become articulate. "Will . . . was on his knees, holding fast to his father's knees." And Will was speaking: "'I have never asked you for anything since I was a small boy, Father. This is the first thing I have asked you for, for years. I wouldn't be asking you to come and live with mother again if I could help it now . . .'"

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As a realistic transcription of a scene between a Maine lobster fisherman and his son, this passage is incredible; but it has a deeper verity, an accordance not with what Will and his father would have done and said, but with what they would have felt and thought, with what they would have wished to say, even though they were tragically unable to express their emotions thus straightforwardly. The scene, thus handled, achieves a deep and memorable poignancy.

And when Will, still desperately seeking to avert what he foresees, subsequently appeals to his mother, the contrast between that scene and this one becomes marked. The souls of man and man may meet, even though they meet in opposition; but between man and woman a gulf is set which cannot by any means be crossed. When Will besought his father, the bars were down between them; but between the boy and his mother there is an icy barrier. The passage begins thus:

> "Mother."
>
> "Yes, Will?" She looked at him and stood still. She stood still all over. She knew something bad was coming.
>
> "There's something I want to talk to you about."
>
> "What is it?"

Thus stiffly they proceed, the woman passing from wariness to sudden feminine anger, striking at random; till Will's pleading comes to a useless end.

So as the summer passes, Rupert and Will's mother rush headlong to catastrophe; and Will, when his father and his mother each in turn refuse his pleadings, himself turns at last to action and finds a finally effective thing to do.

This is a book written with commanding power and certainty; and the deep and sympathetic comprehension with which the characters are presented is matched by the beauty of the colors in which the scene is drawn. An example might be chosen from almost any page. Thus:

> Their eyes had grown used to the dark. They all looked up. The northern lights were out. They came streaming up from behind the dark hill. They were so bright that the stones up there stood out black against them. The stars had grown dim. The needles of fierce flames thousands of miles long came dancing up like the waves of heat in burning firewood. They ran up from

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> the hill high to the top of the sky. They clustered there. And new hosts of flames went dancing off down on all sides. It was like a vast bridal veil spread out over their heads. The faces of all the gazers were touched and picked out with an unearthly radiance. They could hear a mysterious sound like the rustling of tremendous silks . . .

"Red Sky in the Morning" is a thrilling book. Any person of intelligence and taste will read it with a kindling and memorable satisfaction. Persons whose test of a book is whether they "like" it or not will not "like" this one. The third and fourth paragraphs on page 270, and the last two or three paragraphs on page 288 were perhaps offered as a sop to them; but these are the only jarring notes in a splendidly concordant whole.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON IRVING. By Stanley T. Williams. 2 volumes. Oxford University Press, $15.00.

THOUGH we have had to wait seventy-five years for the definitive life of Washington Irving, our patience has been rewarded. A number of circumstances contributed to this apparent neglect of our first great man of letters, some of which were beyond the control, until lately, of any biographer of Irving. Other circumstances were the result of what may be called the trend of the times.

Pierre M. Irving was his uncle's literary executor and first biographer. The "Life and Letters of Washington Irving" (1862–1864) is a combination of careful writing and careful editing, the care being exercised to perpetuate a legend. This was the usual rather than the exceptional biographical method in the nineteenth century, particularly when the biography was the work of a member of the family. Only the glories, the successes, the virtues of the subject were to be presented; anything savoring of moral shortcomings, of any kind of failure was to be omitted. Pierre Irving followed this procedure; and, until George S. Hellman published "Washington Irving, Esquire, Ambassador at Large from the New World to the Old," in 1925, every biographer of Irving followed him. Mr. Hellman gave us some idea of what a really exhaustive and critical biography of Irving might be; unfortunately it was not his in-

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tention to present a full-length portrait. That remained to be done by Stanley T. Williams in the work under review.

Here, for the first time, we have a complete picture of Washington Irving the writer, the diplomat, the lover, and the man. It is hardly necessary for Professor Williams to remind us that he spent ten years on this book; a glance at the more than two hundred pages of notes will give us some idea of the time and effort that went into its preparation and writing.

The Washington Irving of his nephew's book was a young society man of New York who, inconsolable at the loss of his sweetheart, Matilda Hoffman, wandered over Europe for seventeen years doing whatever came to his hand that he might forget the great grief of his life. There are a few discrepancies in this story.

In the first place the Irvings did not belong to the select group called New York society, nor was the family at any time wealthy. They were merchants of the middle class, who achieved fair success in business until they overreached themselves. Secondly, Professor Williams proves beyond a doubt that, though Irving sincerely loved Matilda Hoffman and never forgot her, he might have married in later life had the women in whom he was interested been willing. Though he never forget his first love, he loved again. As he grew older he greatly desired a home and a family, to the extent that when he settled at Sunnyside he gathered as many of his nieces as he could about him. After the first shock had passed, he would have been very glad to have had a home of his own.

There was an interval of six years between the death of Matilda Hoffman and Irving's departure for Europe in 1815. In that interval he finished "A History of New York," served on the military staff of Governor Tomkins of New York, and acted as the editor of the Analectic Review, for which he also wrote numerous articles and tales. During these years he was, for Irving, a busy man from necessity and from choice. Irving's temperament was not adapted to a professional career, or to any career that required regular duties in a settled environment. Naturally restless, he was constantly looking for new faces and scenes. It was this wanderlust that made him useless in business and that finally drove him to Europe.

When Washington Irving left New York in May, 1815, he

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had no idea where he was going nor how long he would be away from America; he certainly had no idea that his voluntary exile would last for seventeen years, that he would return to America with a European reputation that was not accepted as yet by his own countrymen.

In 1815 there was little to indicate the direction that Irving's later writing was to take. He had already done some of his best work in the contributions he had made to "Salmagundi"; but these contributions were largely satirical, the sometimes pointed satire of an observant young man interested in the life of the town and in the theatre. Diedrick Knickerbocker's "History of New York" had been conceived in the same spirit by Irving and his brother Peter. When it was finished, it was still a satire on certain phases of American life and politics — but a satire shot through with a humor that Irving was rarely to attain again. It seems to me that Professor Williams has done no more than justice to this book in placing it high on the list of Irving's writings. It is not only literature itself, but it introduced Irving in America and England. Scott and Dickens knew and admired the book. Dickens more than admired it, he imitated it. This was the Irving who landed in England with a vague idea of making his living by his pen, though he went over ostensibly to assist his brother who was representing the importing firm of the Irvings in Liverpool.

Irving's first years in England were not happy ones. After a period of traveling in which he stored up treasure for later use, he settled down in Liverpool trying to be a business man. The firm was not succeeding, Peter Irving was ill, and Washington had to try to carry on a business that was in the first stages of the bankruptcy that was to come in a few years. A temperamental incapacity for business, a growing desire to write, and an inability to do that writing except under ideal conditions, do not make for success in business or literature. The months dragged on, the business became more involved, and Irving became despondent. Occasionally he would take a short trip, but he knew what was waiting for him back in Liverpool and that knowledge ruined these little vacations. In the summer of 1817 he decided on a trip he had long been planning; he would go to Scotland and visit Sir Walter, his literary idol . . . He stopped at Abbotsford, received a glorious welcome, and the

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four days that he spent there settled his career. He would be a writer.

"The Sketch Book" was the direct result of Irving's visit to Scott. In one of the best chapters of this brilliant critical biography, Professor Williams has given what I believe to be the best criticism of Irving's greatest book. Step by step the critical biographer gives us the story of the creation of our first classic and his carefully considered judgment of it:

> Today the reader turns, in "The Sketch Book," to a few essays. These are different; they live on in the speech of men, in quotation and allusion, in painting and the drama, and in innumerable reprintings. However tepid, however archaic "The Sketch Book" as a whole, these few essays seem to have life. Needless to say, these exceptional essays are not concerned with such fashions in sentiment as "The Pride of the Village," such defunct debate as "English Writers on America," such antiquarianism as "Little Britain." They do not depend for their interest on the revelation of comparative influences, as does "The Spectre Bridegroom"; on early American use of German romantic material; on American deference to English tradition, as do "Christmas" and its companion papers; on sentimental idiom in describing the Indian, prophetic of Longfellow. Such are rather the interests of the seminary. It is their literary quality which has caused them to survive.
>
> Concerning the titles of these few there will be disagreement, but such a group might include "Rip Van Winkle," "The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap," "The Mutability of Literature," "Westminster Abbey," "Stratford-on-Avon," and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." These still retain their hold upon the imagination, not because they are cleansed of Irving's minor sins — the commonplace metaphors, the excessive sentiment, the thinness, which bored Hazlitt. Their merits are positive. In all are Irving's long, indolent sentences, with their select vocabulary and their perfect concatenation. In all is the tranquil manner which engaged the admiration of Poe; the felicity of phrase, whose attainment may be traced in the notebooks; and the clever turn of incident, as in the conclusion of "Rip Van Winkle."

The book which has been criticized here so rigorously, and yet so justly, established Irving as a man of letters. The charm of the work and its mastery of English prose was recognized in

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England, even if American acceptance of it was less complete. That recognition gave Irving confidence in himself and in his ability to make his living by his pen. The years were to bring him fame and a certain degree of fortune, but he was never to improve upon "The Sketch Book."

With his first book a success, Irving was off on his travels, looking for change in atmosphere, new faces and new friends, and new material for his pen. Irving was never capable of translating his experiences, his inner life into literature. He was a taster of life, not a thinker. He knew that he could find friends and new atmosphere on the Continent, and the next six years find him flitting back and forth between London and Paris with longer intervals spent in Germany. In this period he published "Bracebridge Hall" and the "Tales of a Traveller" — collections of tales, essays, and sketches which, though they may not be up to the standard of "The Sketch Book," are entitled to a higher place than Professor Williams gives them. In this period, too, Irving tried his hand at writing for the theatre, as the result of his intimacy with John Howard Payne. Between them they hammered out some actable plays, particularly "Charles II"; but Irving soon realized that he was not a dramatist.

The winter of 1822–1823 was spent in Dresden where Irving had the second serious love affair of his life. The story of his interest in Emily Foster, carefully guarded by Pierre Irving, was first brought to light by Mr. Hellman. Professor Williams's discussion of the affair is complete but not entirely satisfactory. There is no doubt that Irving would have married Miss Foster had she been willing, but proof seems to be lacking. Nearly every biographer has to meet such a problem as this, and solve it to the best of his ability; perhaps we have here the best solution obtainable from the evidence.

Between the summer of 1823 and January 1826, Irving worked at many things, without much success. "Tales of a Traveller" was not particularly well received. It was in the same vein as the two previous books, and that vein was pretty well worked out. As we have seen, the dramatic work did not satisfy Irving and he abandoned it. He took refuge in his old comfort, traveling. It served for a time but soon palled; and he was in one of his moods of stark depression when an opportu-

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nity came to him to do something entirely new, something that would arouse him from his black mood, give him employment, and enable him to visit the country of his dreams — Spain.

When Irving went to Spain, at the age of forty-three, he entered upon a new phase of his career, a phase that was to affect his life as much as it was to affect his writing. Just as it removed his writing from the realm of pure fiction to history, biography and travel literature, so it changed the tenor of his life from that of an aimless wanderer in search of amusement and literary material, to one who became a diplomat, something of a politician, a substantial citizen.

The immediate purpose of his visit to Spain was the translation of a collection of papers relating to Columbus which had just been published. Irving was well qualified for this work; he had long been interested in Spain, its history, and its literature, and Spanish was the one foreign language he had mastered. As it turned out, he did not translate Navarette's collection. While working on this volume in the Spanish libraries, the subject of Columbus and his voyages grew upon him until he decided to write his own biography of Columbus, rather than make available Navarette's collection to American readers. He spent nearly two years on the book that in 1828 appeared as "The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus." In his criticism of this book in the text and in the "Supplementary Studies," Professor Williams has, I think, been too severe. He judges it by our standards rather than by those in vogue at the time it was published. We know that Irving was neither a trained nor a natural scholar; he was a writer who could adapt available material to his purposes and produce a fundamentally true, and certainly a well-written narrative.

Spain was a mine of material for such a story-teller as Irving. The fault of most of the books that date from this period is that Irving attempted to be at once the historian and the romancer. Such a combination provides absorbingly interesting material to read, but its authenticity is always open to question. Professor Williams's criticism of these Spanish books, "The Conquest of Granada" and "The Alhambra," is painful to those who are particularly fond of Irving — the more painful because we must admit its truth.

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After 1829 Irving's life takes on a broader and, in a sense, more important aspect. With the political and diplomatic experience gained from three years' service as Secretary of Legation at London, he returned to America in 1832 bent on re-establishing himself as an American. America had not greeted the work of Irving with open arms; his preoccupation with the life and literature of England and the Continent had alienated his countrymen. During the following decade he succeeded not only in reviving American interest in him, but in reviving his interest in America. In explaining Irving during this decade, the "Life of Washington Irving" reaches its highest point of biographical interest. This was a period of Irving's life about which we knew very little until Professor Williams completely illuminated it. The most interesting of Irving's activities during this time were in the realm of politics. He had no taste for the give and take of partisan politics, but he liked to be behind the scenes, to be in that atmosphere of power which national politics radiate. By temperament, training, and social position, Irving was an aristocrat and a conservative, but circumstances — his brother's political activities and his own connection with Van Buren — threw him into the Democratic camp where he must have been a trifle uncomfortable. However, by 1840 he had become a Whig, and it was as a Whig that he was named Minister to Spain in 1842.

Irving chose the West as one means of regaining his literary position in America, and the choice was a wise one. The western country was being rapidly settled, the frontier was being pushed steadily westward, "manifest destiny" was the phrase of the day. Regardless of his purpose, Irving gave his contemporaries three interesting and valuable books in "A Tour of the Prairies," "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A.," and "Astoria." The last named holds its interest today, though the present biographer can see little of permanent value or literary quality in any of these volumes.

Neither the revival of his interest in America, nor the establishment of a permanent residence at Sunnyside could stifle the wanderlust in Irving, though he was now fifty-nine years old; and when the Spanish mission was offered he gladly accepted it. Of course, it was an honor and a fitting tribute to

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America's most widely known man of letters. His four years at Madrid were busy ones, for there were numerous problems between the two countries to be solved, and Spain was passing through a period of serious domestic trouble. Despite the weight of his diplomatic duties and ill health, Irving enjoyed this second period in Spain — though when he was recalled in 1846 he was willing and anxious to return to America and Sunnyside.

In the thirteen years left to him, Irving turned out an enormous amount of work. Even though we accept his biographer's opinion that most of these books were compilations from the old notebooks, and reworkings of old material of his own or of others, we must give Irving credit for industry, though I believe he is entitled to much more than that. During this period appeared "Oliver Goldsmith" (1849), "Mahomet and His Successors" (1849–1850), "Wolfert's Roost" (1855), and "The Life of George Washington" (1855–1859) in five volumes. That "Oliver Goldsmith" is a "perfunctory biography," that "Mahomet" is a compilation from unnamed sources, I am not willing to admit; and Professor Williams's criticism of "George Washington" is, in my judgment, entirely too severe and even unfair. This biography of Washington had been in Irving's mind for years; he had been collecting material in his desultory fashion for a quarter of a century. When the opportunity for writing it came, he was a tired old man, but he kept on, writing against time and disease; he finished it just eight months before his death, which came on November 28, 1859.

The "Life of Washington Irving" will take its place among the best of our critical biographies. It is well planned, complete in both its biographical and its critical aspects, and written in a style that has grace and dignity, a style which the subject would have admired. In one respect it will have an almost preëminent position. Professor Williams adopted the ideal method in constructing this work: the biography and the criticism are of a piece. Many literary biographers separate life and works entirely, while others try to handle the two subjects in alternate chapters. Neither of these methods is as effective as that used by Professor Williams — the working of the critical material into the body of the biography. By this

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method we are able to watch the growth and the decay of the creative effort, and to find reasons, if reasons are necessary, for that growth and that decay. Biographical knowledge is not vitally necessary to criticism, but it is helpful in showing us many of the sources of a man's work. In this book, as we follow Washington Irving from birth to death, we not only come to know him intimately but we are able to understand how, and why, he became a man of letters but not a great writer in any field. It is this interpretive element that gives lustre to a distinguished biography.

Criticism is a very important element in a literary biography, for it is the critical evaluation which finally determines the subject's position. There are two standards of criticism, the absolute and the historical. Under the former standard, the work is placed against the best that has been done in the field, while the latter takes into consideration the time, the place, and the circumstances of the literary work and estimates it in comparison with the best produced at that time and under the same or similar circumstances. In adopting the absolute standard for the criticism of Irving's writings, individually and collectively, Professor Williams was necessarily compelled to judge them by the best in the essay, history, and biography. Under this standard Irving cannot receive justice and his real position will be lowered, for he was certainly not a Lamb, a Gibbon, nor a Boswell. He was, however, a capable craftsman, a narrator of more than average skill, and a stylist of the first water. He had not the inner experience upon which the great essayist draws, nor had he the power or the inclination for research of the master historian or biographer. Much of Irving's historical and biographical writing may be in the nature of a "twice told tale"; but the charm of the second telling carries with it some justification, if any be needed.

There are two phases of Irving's literary career which his biographer neglected to mention: his connection with the Christmas story and his influence on Charles Dickens. Nearly every person associates the Christmas story with Dickens because he immortalized the form and the spirit. I believe that Irving is entitled to the credit of originating the idea; for more than twenty years before "A Christmas Carol" appeared, "The Sketch Book" offered four essays which are of a piece in spirit

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with Dickens' classic. They were not written for the Christmas season, but they radiate the same cheer and the same Englishness that infuse the story of Tiny Tim.

That Dickens was indebted to Irving for more than the inspiration for a Christmas story is amply attested by the letters that passed between the young Englishman and the aging American. I have lately had the privilege of reading a long article on this subject by a Dickens scholar. In this paper, Dr. T. E. M. Boll has proved beyond a doubt that Dickens was very greatly influenced by "A History of New York," "The Sketch Book," and "Bracebridge Hall"; and that many of the characters which Dickens created had their origin in the ludicrous figures which give these three books of Irving much of their claim to fame. Dickens read and reread Irving; he literally wore out a copy of "A History of New York," and the other books were equally well known to him.

Every reviewer, particularly of such a book as this, has his own ideas regarding the subject under review, and it is his privilege to express them, but judgment must be reserved for the whole rather than confined to the parts. In my opinion, the "Life of Washington Irving" is one of the best critical biographies in our literature. Based on extensive research and sound, if severe, critical principles, it serves to prove once again that literary biography in competent hands can, at the same time, reflect the personality of the subject, and review his work.

E. H. O'NEILL

THE LEES OF VIRGINIA. By Burton J. Hendrick. Little Brown, $3.75.

IN VIEW of the interesting information which has come to light in recent years regarding the Lees of Virginia, it seems fitting that someone should write the story of this great southern family. So often have the exploits and accomplishments of the Adamses, by their own pen and that of admiring biographers, been recounted, that one might be led to believe that they occupied a preëminent position in the early development of our country. It is fortunate that a biographer with so sympathetic a feeling for "the horse and buggy era" should

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undertake the task. As Mr. Hendrick, with a touch of cynicism, points out in his introduction:

> The type of society and public life they represented has gone and gone forever. Probably there was not much in its essential manifestations that the present generation would care to resurrect. What could be more distant from the present manner of American life than public men who underwent careful self-education for their tasks — who, highly cultured in a general sense, spent years in the scholastic investigation of such a matter as government? . . . the fact that such an order once existed witnesses the transformation that has taken place in American affairs.

Mr. Hendrick's intelligent study and knowledge is apparent in his manner of dealing with his subject. One may be permitted a smile at his insistence on the aristocracy of the Lees as compared with the Washingtons, or to doubt the general statement that "had there been no Mexican War there would probably have been no Civil War." The story of the Lees may best be summed up in the author's closing sentences to his introduction: "It forms a humane and charming episode in the nation's annals — a kind of quiet interlude in the rushing progress of American life." Among recent biographies these words may well apply to the book itself.

The first Lee, Richard, came to Virginia in 1640 and was, by contrast with the Adamses, a man of education and some means. Little is known of the forebears of the family but it was supposedly a branch of the Shropshire Lees, Leas or Leighs, whose history traces back to the Plantagenets. Virginia, as the first real English colony on this continent, was the proving ground for those colonial policies which, while a failure in America, were later to broaden out and, under liberal governments, create the British Empire. With that natural instinct to rule which develops as a trait in each member of the family, the founder became in 1651 a member of the Council — a body of twelve men who, with the royal governor, controlled the colony. It is interesting to note that a member of each succeeding generation of Lees held a seat in this body until it was abolished in 1776. At his death in 1664, Richard was known as the greatest landowner in Virginia.

Richard, the second, spent most of his days enriching the

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family estate. He was known as a Tory die-hard in politics, and aided the Crown in crushing Bacon's Rebellion — an uprising, our present AAA should note, which resulted from the drop in Virginia tobacco prices owing to the loss of the foreign market. The reader may well be surprised, considering the active part played by later members of the Lee family in the struggle for American liberty, that Richard should have supported the King at this time. It should not be forgotten however, as Mr. Hendrick emphasizes, that the people of the southern states, particularly those of Virginia and South Carolina, were closer to the mother country in their daily life, their education and their religion than those of the other colonies.

The sons of Richard Lee, second, who principally concern us were Thomas, founder of the Stratford branch of the family, and Henry who sired the Leesylvania branch. Thomas made the first of those marriages — to a Ludwell — which were to ally the Lees with other great houses of Virginia, thereby adding more human qualities to the Lees' dour strain. He was a man of great energy and force, possibly the leading Virginian of his day, and was active in opening the western territories, now West Virginia and Ohio, to colonists. In him one glimpses that intense hatred of slavery, based on his belief that it was necessary to have a prosperous middle class of white artisans and small farmers. He foresaw that the negro would annihilate this class and reduce it to the lowest bondage of all.

At his death, Thomas was President of the Council and turned over his responsibilities to his six sons. Richard Henry was the statesman who proposed the Declaration of Independence, was later President of Congress, and who said in his funeral oration of Washington ". . . first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Less well-known is Lee's friendship with Samuel and John Adams — a partnership which enabled them to swing the more conservative states such as New York and Pennsylvania into line for complete independence of the colonies. One cannot read the author's sympathetic account of this bitter and arrogant, but withal intensely loyal and at times even lovable, man without feeling that he was one of the very great Americans of his day. He and his work have indeed been forgotten too long.

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The most controversial section of the book deals with the youngest son, Arthur Lee. A brilliant student, educated in England, he early became an intimate of Adam Smith, Dr. Johnson, and the liberal statesmen Pitt and Lord Shelburne. In 1768 Arthur was sent to London as a liaison officer between Parliament and the colonies. His chief correspondence was with Samuel Adams, who even then believed there was no solution to the problem save complete independence for the colonies. That Arthur was supremely egotistical, lacked a sense of humour and was a snob, cannot be doubted; but he had a power of observation, and an ability to analyze character, which rendered him enormously useful to the colonial patriots. The idea, now generally accepted, that English liberties as well as those of America were endangered by George III, was first developed by Arthur Lee. When Arthur was sent to France to assist Benjamin Franklin, the troubles began which have since caused certain historians to brand him as a traitor. He had reason to believe that Dr. Bancroft, Franklin's secretary, was in the pay of England, and that the other American Commissioner, Silas Deane, though perhaps not dishonest, was certainly careless in his accounts. Lee expressed this to Dr. Franklin in his usual blunt way and incurred the Sage's undying animosity. Documents have recently been discovered proving him entirely accurate in his suspicions, and Mr. Hendrick is to be thanked for picturing Arthur as he really was — a level-headed, constructive, almost fanatically loyal American patriot.

The last section of the book covers the Leesylvania branch of the family. The dashing career of "Light Horse Harry" and its unhappy culmination is poignantly told, as well as that of his oldest son, the blackguardedly "Black Horse Harry." In Robert E. Lee, the son in whom "Light Horse Harry's" best and most stable qualities appeared, the zenith of the family is reached; but one senses the author's predilection for some of the earlier and less well-known Lees. In fact, Mr. Hendrick gives the impression that Dr. Freeman, in his recent brilliant and exhaustive biography of the Confederate leader, has told all there is to tell. These are the weakest chapters of what is otherwise a convincing and moving story. It is unfortunate that one should be left with a distinct feeling of anti-climax.

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Though this is an ambitious work, Mr. Hendrick has for the most part avoided dullness and managed to simplify the intricacies of the family tree. He has included much that was previously known, but has also brought to light and developed new information. "The Lees of Virginia" may well be considered an intelligent and sympathetic study of the earlier periods in our national life which, to many, contain the picture of America at her best.

DOUGLASS DEBEVOISE

THE THOUGHT AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM JAMES. By Ralph Barton Perry. Volume I Inheritance and Vocation. Volume II Philosophy and Psychology. Atlantic Monthly Press. Little Brown, $12.50.

AN IMPORTANT book as yet unwritten is one on the great American families, the Adamses, Lowells, Astors, Beechers, Lees, Roosevelts and Jameses. It will be interesting to follow the intricate relations between the outstanding families and the successive environments in which they functioned, to trace their persistence of traits and ideas, to consider the effects of intermarriage with other lines, to reckon with the consequences of success in one generation in the careers of the subsequent generations, and to inquire into the causes of the rise and decline of the families as far as such elusive matters can be isolated and described. In the larger perspective of American history, families are obscured by isolated individuals who carry a name into an effulgent glory which pales with them. Moreover, in a country built up by immigrants, the time-span is limited, and many outstanding American families of the day really do not have a family history sufficiently lengthy to gain significance. This is the case with the Rockefellers, for example, though the third generation since distinction was achieved is now coming to maturity.

The James family will play a unique rôle in this projected work. Unlike the Adamses and the Lees, it does not have a long American history. William James I arrived in America in 1789 after the Republic had been firmly established. Again, unlike the Roosevelts, its distinction was not achieved in

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politics — this circumstance also precluding an exact comparison with the Adamses; nor in industry with a late emergence into scholarship and literature as in the case of the Lowells; nor did it persist in devoting its energies to the administrative control and expansion of great wealth, like the Astors, though it is interesting to note that the James fortune was also based on land and commerce, rather than industry. Of the families cited, the Beechers remain. Like the Beechers, the Jameses numbered several preachers in their ranks, and a Beecher and a James emerged into literature — but whereas the Beechers were noted for orthodoxy, the Jameses favored heterodoxy, the level of literary accomplishment was decidedly different, the Beechers lacked a family fortune in the background and, moreover, never produced a technical philosopher. I cannot think of an American family with a history like that of the Jameses: one American generation devoted to money-making; one generation (in the line that interests us) devoted to theology; and one generation in which world fame visited two sons, one in literature and the other in philosophy.

Only in recent years has there been a disposition to see families as units, the tendency rather being to study particular members in isolation, but we are nevertheless fortunate in possessing at this writing single volumes on the Adamses (by James Truslow Adams), the Beechers (by Lyman Beecher Stowe), the Lees (by Burton J. Hendrick) and the Jameses (by the writer of this review). Ralph Barton Perry's two volumes are a monumental contribution to the understanding of the James family in general, and William James in particular, and of American academic intellectual life between the 1860s and the present day. No one can afford to ignore them. In his preface, Professor Perry is able to promise:

> The reader will here find some 500 letters written by William James not included in the Letters of William James, edited by his son Henry James, and published in 1920. To these have been added fifty or more letters written by Henry, the distinguished father of William James, and about thirty written by Henry, his still more distinguished brother. Letters written *to* William or the elder Henry include seventeen unpublished letters from Emerson, and single letters or groups from such correspondents

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as Turgenev, Godkin, C. E. Norton, Santayana, Charles W. Eliot, Bergson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rudyard Kipling, Chauncey Wright, Charles Peirce, Ernst Mach, Henry Sidgwick, Hodgson, Renouvier, Royce, Thomas Davidson, George H. Howison, Stanley Hall, F. J. Child, Henry Holt, James Ward, Stumpf, John Dewey, Frederic Myers, Benjamin Paul Blood, F. H. Bradley, L. T. Hobhouse, Munsterberg and Giovanni Papini.

Such a contribution is rarely achieved, and if it is customary to award a book honors when it embodies "some" new source material, these two volumes would seem easily to rate *magna cum laude* on this ground alone. This is to place in secondary place a contribution which many readers will consider as of the first importance. Professor Perry has modestly played up the documentation and played down his own interpretative paragraphs which are frequently extended into solid and illuminating essays. These, too, should be given special citation.

Yet it cannot be said that the two volumes essentially modify the outlines of the story already told. Rather they contribute to increasing its density (to use a Jamesian word) in such a way that now, for the first time, the whole story of William James is an open book. Born into a household "unusual in the degree to which it quickened and molded its members," William James was thoughtful and reflective long before he determined upon the career of a philosopher. His father was all his life long, as he told his boys when they were worried by their inability to define his occupation, a "student," but not of any narrow discipline. His efforts were entirely directed toward making a light in the darkness by which he thought humankind was surrounded. Abandoning dogmatic Presbyterianism, which he had from his father, he ventured into such strange fields as Sandemanianism, on his way to his final haven, Swedenborgianism slightly colored and supplemented by Fourierism. A man of brilliant controversial gifts, in command of a robust style which allowed him to exploit to the full his ability to coin startlingly original, salty and humorous phrases, he ordered his books along the lines of dogmatic asseveration and excoriating criticism. The successive volumes were really elaborate rewritings of the funda-

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mental principles he had derived from Swedenborg, but as he found no permanent light in Presbyterianism, so he was unable to take an orthodox view of Swedenborg. He was not a prophet of the Swedenborgian church in America (the Church of the New Jerusalem), but rather a heretic in relation to it. Nor was his method of composition conducive to winning disciples. Crystal clear sentence by sentence, and paragraph by paragraph, his books failed to add up to a resounding climax and produce a once-and-for-all sense of conviction in the reader. While he won devoted followers, they were mostly like himself: heretics who did not want to abandon the effort to understand the world in religious terms, but who were unable to find exactly those terms which would clarify the whole issue. On the other hand, his brilliance of written language was accompanied, as is not always the case, by an equal brilliance of speech and attractiveness of personality. As a social being he was a resounding success, and he knew and associated on a plane of perfect equality with such men as Emerson and the Boston Saturday Club group in America, Carlyle in England, and a circle of thoughtful and well-read men wherever he might be.

The home of such a man could not fail to be a place wonderful to behold, but it is the distinguishing characteristic of the James household that it was integrated around itself and not around the exterior social world. First the family and then the world. The care with which Henry James educated his sons is remarkable, and the persistence with which he sought to prepare them for living, whatever they might choose to do for a living, was unique. In such a household a young man might well become a "philosopher" long before he becomes conscious of the fact that that was his vocation. This was the case with William James. To him Emerson was not a name on a book, but the name of a man who visited the family and also wrote books. His father had met and talked with many of the authors whose books were in his library. William James was not, that is, a parvenu of learning, and never acquired that exaggerated respect for authors and their books which parvenus have to unlearn if they are not to be suffocated by it. It is rather to be expected than otherwise, therefore, that he was slow to recognize his vocation. He did not go straight to

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it as his brother Henry went straight to literature, a field in which his father was an amateur. Instead, he tried painting; he tried biological science and became an M.D.; and he slowly proceeded from teaching anatomy, through psychology, to philosophy. Yet whatever he was doing, he was a "philosopher" and it was but a slight transition, when the way opened before him, to assume the title, philosopher (without quotes!). His whole preparation was for such a career, even though, to a passing sense, he would have preferred to devote himself to a specialized discipline of another kind.

Professor Perry's two volumes not only make it clearer than ever how admirably William James's gropings eventually added up to a rich preparation for a career in philosophy, but they are also chiefly devoted to tracing in detail the nature of that career. In a notable passage, he sums up the prepossessions James carried into his studies:

> The first was his moralism. He was not a man to rest content with any philosophy which disparaged or enervated the will. Perhaps the very fact that he did not engage extensively in the work of the world, but adopted an intellectual career, intensified this tendency. What he could not express in affairs found expression in a dramatization of life in which he cast himself in the rôle of moral champion. His second prepossession was in favor of variety and change, the intellectual counterpart of his restless disposition. It was not likely that a man who was bored by sameness, and who found routine intolerable, should be receptive to philosophical influences of the rationalistic type which emphasized identity and worshiped coherence. Thirdly, even though James abandoned art, he remained a man of artistic sensibility. He had both taste and the creative impulse. Literature and the plastic arts claimed a large part of his attention. He had the novelist's interest in character, the dramatist's interest in life, and the poet's interest in nature. In other words, he was repelled by verbalism, logomachy, and abstractness. No philosophy could ultimately satisfy him that did not embrace an intuition of concrete realities, and exalt feeling and sensation above the intellect.

Consideration of these three points in relation to the writings of William James will make clear to any reader the persistence with which these "notes" recurred, and if to them we add the

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facts that his temperament was mercurial, his interest in people inexhaustible (he was a persistent collector of photographs and memorabilia of his correspondents), and his social charm notable, we will have a guide to the nature of the material in these volumes. It was to satisfy his fundamental impulses that James devoted his long and productive career in the field of ideas, and in doing so he met and corresponded with a host of American, British and Continental philosophers, some his elders, some his juniors, some his associates at Harvard and some, eventually, his students. Letters to and from such eminent persons are in themselves a feast, but as a rule it is William James's contribution to the exchange which really quickens the interest of the general reader. Those he received may be weightier in many instances, but they are duller. And this leads to the reflection that James was almost unique among philosophers in being an interesting man as well as an interesting thinker. Too many philosophers are thinking-machines; dull and ponderous technicians; and but dubiously human beings.

Philosophy for James was an adventure toward a goal which he did not expect to reach. It was not his aspiration to enunciate a system of belief. A strong proponent of the importance of personality as a factor in determining what a man believes, he was himself a highly personal thinker. While he can hardly be classified as an iconoclast, it is far easier to recall what he disliked and attacked, than it is to say what he really believed himself. This arises from the circumstance that he wished, above most things, to free philosophy and the human mind from restrictions of any kind. He was opposed to determinism, scientism, abstractionism, absolutism and metaphysical idealism. It is therefore easy to locate his freedom of the will, the prerequisite to moral choice, his will to believe, a triumph over paralyzing skepticism, his pluralism, a recognition of the theoretical impossibility of subsuming *all* of the facts of the universe under rigid categories, and his pragmatism, a proposed way of arriving at the significance of concepts, a technique of critical thinking, but not a system of belief.

On the other hand, this very concentration on freedom and adventurousness led him to underestimate the difficulties in

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the way of correct evaluative judgments, a weakness which brought him into conflict with Charles Peirce, and it also gave him a tendency toward looseness of thinking which not only made his books obscure in spite of their clarity, to use a paradox, but which offended exact thinkers whether mathematicians or not. William James was a eupeptic for philosophers; he was not a source of especially brilliant thought. Reduced to summary his moral outlook on which Professor Perry correctly lays emphasis, was a fairy-tale for the nursery. It is as dead as Kipling to whom James, quite logically, responded with admiration, as he did to an equally hollow fictioneer-moralist, Robert Louis Stevenson.

Yet in spite of his deficiencies, William James still speaks from the pages of his books in a living voice. Is this also a paradox? I do not think so, for his vivid concern for style assures him of life beyond that granted to the innumerable bad writers of sounder philosophies, and the message he brought to the world will have an appeal in almost any time. Shallow though it is, it is a consolation to sick souls to be told that life is an adventure, that heroism is a virtue, that while final proof is lacking, the religious experience is a reality and a ratification for the moral outlook. So it will be for long years to come, no doubt. But in an era like ours, it is highly likely that William James will be less and less a philosopher's philosopher and more a contributor to inspirational literature. It is one of the ironies of his career that he, the kindliest of men, is, as Professor Perry points out, more influential in fascist circles than in Marxist. He appeals to the fascists with his cult of action, adventure, and the mystical ratification of "truth." It is also ironic, in another way, that the man whom James wanted philosophy to detour around, Hegel, is once more coming on the scene, transmogrified by Marx from an idealist into a materialist (a *dialectical* materialist and not a materialistic determinist as Professor Perry writes it), and disturbing the philosophers no end. Of almost equal importance are the mathematicians, whom James encountered in the person of Charles Peirce, and who completely baffled him. Pick up any contemporary survey of philosophy and you will find the Marxists and the mathematicians dominating the field. Shortly all that will remain of William James will be his pervasive humanity

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— his humanism — but what higher reputation could a man want than to be known far and wide as a great and noble human being?

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

MULES AND MEN. By Zora Neale Hurston. With an Introduction by Frank Boas, Ph.D., LL.D. Lippincott, $3.00.

MORE than a year ago a small novel, intriguingly titled "Jonah's Gourd Vine" by a young negro woman named Zora Neale Hurston, made its début. That the critics acclaimed it, is well known to every victim of that time-consuming but not unpleasant drug-habit of reading the Sunday book reviews. That the reading public failed to make it a best seller, I deduce from the fact that a copy I purchased recently was still a first edition. It so happens that the critics were right, and the public made a mistake. As entertainment, "Jonah's Gourd Vine" is a novel of the first order. As a study of *a* negro, and also of *the* negro, I not only know of no equal, but offhand I cannot think of any that is even near.

And it led you to wonder what the author would do in the future, for surely the possessor of so fresh and honest a talent could not be the writer of but a single book. Not long ago we had the answer. Under the most sacrosanct auspices, Miss Hurston produced another volume, "Mules and Men." It purports to be sociological, and in the strictest sense it is, but not even that ponderous classification can spoil it. For if "Jonah's Gourd Vine" is a story with a background of sociology, "Mules and Men" is a social study with gusto of a story. Indeed, it is hard to think of anybody interested in the negro whom this new book will not delight. The southern raconteur who justly prides himself upon his large store of stories about the colored man will here find himself beaten on his own ground, but having gained a new supply of tales to tell. The student of folk-lore will find a well-filled source-book. And he who loves the negro, or is amused by him, or burns for his wrongs, or thinks he ought to know his place, will find, each of them, as good a portrayal of the negro's character as he is ever likely to see.

Not, either, a one-sided portrayal. The gaiety, the poetry,

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the resourcefulness and the wit are set down, but so also are the impulsiveness, the shiftlessness, the living in the moment only. Short of associating with the negro daily, there is no way you can learn more about him. Indeed, from Miss Hurston you will find out many things that, even if you live surrounded by negroes for a long time, you might never know. For as she says, "the negro, in spite of his open-faced laughter, his seeming acquiescence, is particularly evasive." He tells the white man what he thinks the white man wants to know, or what he feels he ought to know.

The book is divided into two parts. The first part deals with "Folk Tales" and the second with "Hoodoo." I find the second part interesting, but dare not judge it. I am aware that hoodoo plays a great part in the lives of certain negroes, but I have the teasing conviction that it has always been, and always will be over-emphasized because of those who like its appeal to the romantically macabre. The first part, however, is magnificent. It is a collection of negro anecdotes, negro brags, and negro folk tales. They are all rich and full. In the accuracy of their language, they are superior to "Uncle Remus"; and as stories they average very nearly as high.

Quite expectedly, most of these stories are humorous, and a large part of what remain are fantastic; but there are a few grim, a few ghostly and a few sardonic. Of the humorous stories, the greater part deal with slaves who outwit "de ole marster," or with animals, representing the negro, who outwit animals representing the white man. For I am sure everybody must now realize that Brer Rabbit is "the brother in black," as is also Brer Gopher when he outwits rather than outruns Brer Deer. Such ugliness as there is, is mainly in the background. There you see the negro lusting, fighting, drinking coon dick and living in such an atmosphere of squalor as would crush — as it has crushed on various occasions — any less resilient race.

And laughing as the escape therefrom. For laughing is the negro's *catharsis*. It is what lets him keep his resilience — as Joel Chandler Harris possibly realized when he penned certain cryptic words in his introduction to the first edition of "Uncle Remus" way back in 1880.

If I were to cite, let alone quote, all that seemed admirable

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in this volume, my review would be nearly as long as the book, so I will point out but a single story.

Read on page 163 about the son who went to college. After this "book-learnt" son has tied his father to the back of a kicking heifer, to take the hump out of her back so that she will stand still long enough for the mother to milk her (because "dis cow kickin' is all a matter of scientific principle") it ends as follows:

> De old lady tried to milk de cow but she was buckin' and rearin' so till de ole man felt he couldn't stand it no mo'. So he hollered to de boy, "cut de rope, son, cut de rope! Ah want get down."
>
> Instead of de boy cuttin' loose his papa's feet he cut de rope dat had de cow tied to de tree and she lit out de wood wid de ole man's feet tied under de cow. Wasn't no way for him to get off.
>
> De cow went bustin' on down de road wid de ole man till they meet a sister he knowed. She was surprised to see de man on de cow, so she ast: "My lawd, Brother So-and-so, where you going?"
>
> He tole her, "Only God and dis cow knows."

After you have read it, send a marked copy to Dr. Tugwell or to Secretary Wallace, or for that matter, if it be not *lèse-majesté*, to someone even higher in the government.

And then deny, if you dare, that even the untaught negro, who was probably the original teller of this story, has a wisdom of his own. Why not? For in the deep South, where, after Africa, most of these tales had birth, he still lives close to the red clay soil. The soil which is a god to paganism. And wisdom cometh from the Lord.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

AND GLADLY TEACH. By Bliss Perry. Houghton Mifflin, $3.00.

IS IT an impossible ideal, this combination of qualities, this union of the generous spirit of the amateur with the method of the professional?" The author of these praiseworthy reminiscences asked that question in an earlier book of essays. Judging from this memoir, so gladly did he learn and gladly teach, that he has retained the zest of the amateur. In thirty-nine years of teaching, interrupted only by a year of lecturing

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in France, and ten of editing the Atlantic Monthly, he seems never to have succumbed to the disease of "academic sterility." Surviving nearly three generations of academic work and atmosphere in three major universities, he has evidently kept to "that breadth of interest as well as depth of technical research" he believes to be necessary to the cultured citizen.

If we accept his arbitrary division of professors into two classes, born teachers and born investigators (research scholars), an acquaintance with his writings shows him clearly to have belonged always to the first. Like his father, who was a preacher and professor at Williams, he taught with an enlightened enthusiasm that must have inspired his listeners. It is a significant fact that the Perrys, from their earliest beginnings in America, worked for their education. When Bliss Perry speaks of the changes in undergraduate life, contrasting present soft surroundings with the former primitive ones, or discussing the association between faculty and students not tolerated in the '80s and '90s, or the individualism in departments which today has given way to lesser evils of departmentalism, he adopts the tone of the educated man, not of the educator. His openmindedness causes him to gloss over the politics and professional jealousies in what he admits to be a queer profession. The lay reader may tire of the dry factuality in the detailed accounts of certain phases of a career of educating. He will usually be recaptured, however, by some humorous twist, some original aside, that blows the classroom dust away. His delicately precise pen portraits of his doctoring, fruit-grafting grandfather, of Mark Hopkins, of Woodrow Wilson, and of the great Eliot of Harvard resemble silverpoint drawings.

The key to the man behind the book will be found in his temperamental resemblance to Walton, with whom he shares a passion for angling. A conscious yet modest idealist, a pacifist who says, "the truth is, war gets us nowhere, 'preparedness' get us nowhere but into war" — he remains a lovable individualist. Essentially Bliss Perry has led the contemplative life, pursuing contentedly sheltered trails. Few university professors have enjoyed the successive background of Berlin, Strassburg, Paris, Princeton and Cambridge; and few have arrived at Mr. Perry's wisdom and serenity.

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"And Gladly Teach" is a book richly allusive, disclosing in its numerous anecdotes the author's personal characteristics of playfulness, charm and wit. After concluding these unexciting and unpretentious chapters "on such aspects of a teacher's career as may conceivably prove interesting," civilization appears again as a dangerous enterprise. It would be less perilous if there were more men as civilized as Bliss Perry.

ELEANOR L. VAN ALEN

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. By Edward H. O'Neill. The University of Pennsylvania Press, $4.00.

IT IS important to note that Mr. O'Neill's new book is *not* a scholarly history of American biography for academicians only. What he has done is to survey the greater part of all our literature which is concerned with American lives, and to estimate the qualities of each treatment. There can be no doubt that in so doing he has performed a pioneering work of considerable significance. Although other generations have shown a signal zest for biography, probably none of them has turned to American life and letters for knowledge and inspiration on so vast a scale as we who have lived through the years of the great depression. For both general readers and scholars Mr. O'Neill's "History of American Biography" is an almost complete guide and, on the whole, a safe and dependable guide. Moreover, the author has assembled his material in a well ordered fashion, and put on paper the results of his investigations in such an able and interesting manner that the reader is scarcely aware of the *apparatus criticus*.

On the subjects of biography and of biographical technique, there is a seventeen page introductory essay which is worth an hour of anyone's time. The least that it affords is a basis for such independent judgment as everyone desires. Among other things the author explains the psychoanalytic technique of those who drag down personalities to the point where "the reader can mouth that mighty platitude: 'I'm as good as he is.' " He explains the evolution of, and the appeal inherent in "dramatic biography," which at the moment seems to be engulfing the reading populace in a sea of half-truths as harm-

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ful as any other form of propaganda. "The outstanding exponent of this method is Emil Ludwig. . . . He wrote plays before he wrote biographies." Finally Mr. O'Neill turns to "critical biography" which leads into principles of criticism.

The main body of the book is comprised of ten chapters in which the author tells the story of the great American biographies and biographers, and evaluates each man and his work. For the lesser subjects the author is naturally limited to briefer critical comments.

Mr. O'Neill, interested largely in the layman's reading, wastes no time on the clerical writings of the colonial period, but passes quickly into the early nineteenth century in which our real literature and our most important biographical material may be said to have had their beginnings. The literature of this period differs from the religious tracts of our earlier epochs in that a feeling for literature and a real feeling for politics (following national statehood) began gradually to usurp the dignified throne of native letters.

The first popular biographer, Parson Weems, emerges on page 20. His various lives of Washington, Marion the Swamp Fox, Franklin and Penn (1800–1819), are mocked by modern debunkers. Weems seldom knew what he was writing about, that is true, but he knew his intention — "he knew then, as we know now, that we are essentially a nation of hero worshipers." To understand Weems's work one must know and understand the man, and in the present book one finds a man that will not be found in many a graduate seminar. Weems was honest in furnishing his readers with two things that they loved, romance and morality. He was more the popular moralist than the preacher or teacher, and many a biography "has been published in the last fifteen years that has as little basis of truth as have Weems's books."

It is to be regretted that Carl Swisher's new life of Chief Justice Roger B. Taney appeared too recently for mention in the present volume. Samuel Tyler's memoir, published more than fifty years ago, "is complete, but lacks any spark of inspiration, literary style, or interest." Yet it is all that we have had up to now. (Personally I would nominate Swisher's book for the Pulitzer prize, if that means anything.)

The one criticism of importance which the present reviewer

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would make is that the author awards too much space to certain cheap modern biographies, for with some of them his judgment is either formed at second hand or else is not discerning. Some degree of prejudice may lie in one's knowledge of living authors and reviewers, of course; and the historians' old view that contemporary outlooks and evaluations seldom mean much, in this case holds true. For example, between 1928 and 1931 three books on Rabelais appeared. Mr. O'Neill correctly points a question mark at Jake Falstaff's (Herman Fetzer's) "Book of Rabelais"; lauds to the skies Samuel Putnam's "François Rabelais, Man of the Renaissance: A Spiritual Biography," calling it a masterpiece of scholarly interpretation (with which sentiment we do not agree wholeheartedly); and damns without ado "Francis Rabelais: The Man and His Work" by Albert J. Nock and C. R. Wilson. This latter, he says, is "a hero-worshiping biography. . . . There is neither point nor plan to the book, for the authors failed entirely to explain why Rabelais was a great man and a great writer." Logic might suggest that in the case of a man such as Rabelais the point and purpose of a biography might be other than to explain *why* the subject was a great man and a great writer. That task has often been essayed, and I for one have often doubted that he was a great writer, or even a great man. But in any event, since Mr. O'Neill's conclusions do not follow from his premises, his argument is a bit *a posteriori*.

A few other faults might be found, but most of them are not important in the long run. Checking over the index, I note that James Russell Lowell is cited only for page 31, where is found just a brief reference to his sketch of Poe. Neither Scudder's life of Lowell nor Ferris Greenslet's able work, pp. 84–85, are listed under the subject heading. This sort of thing, however, is typical of much contemporary index-making.

In conclusion, there is one item that deserves especial commendation — a fifty page bibliography of almost every worthwhile biography that has been published since 1800 in this country. All of these works are mentioned and treated in the context. The list, therefore, like the book of which it is a part, should be of considerable value to every person who has any regard for American life and letters.

LLOYD WENDELL ESHLEMAN

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THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPÆDIA. In one volume. Clarke F. Ansley, Editor-in-Chief. Columbia University Press, $15.00.

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA is not a manual of instruction nor is it an exhaustive compendium of universal knowledge. It is a reference book, and it is as a reference book that we will judge the Columbia Encyclopædia.

It would be absurd to try to make a proper estimate of its value by thumbing the pages and glancing at such articles as take one's fancy. If we are to make a real appraisal of such a book we must go at the job carefully and consider the needs of the people who will use it. An encyclopædia should not be designed for casual reading, nor for the instruction of a specialist. Its most useful purposes are the verification of memory, and the rounding out of the unspecialized knowledge of people of general education.

Almost anybody would have to go to a book if asked the names of the Muses, The Twelve Tuscan Cities, the French Revolutionary months or the wives of Henry VIII of England. A good encyclopædia in which information can be found and checked is of the greatest value to any educated person. It is only by continuous verification and remeasuring that the best of memories can be kept up to a standard of accuracy and, without accuracy, cultivation rapidly degenerates into dilettantism.

I have taken three names and three subjects from history, three names of artists, three subjects in science, three subjects in law, three names of leaders of religion, and three theological subjects and four other subjects and nine of present day interest taken at random, which makes a total of thirty-four. Out of each set of three names or subjects, I have selected one of great importance which no person of education would need to look up except to check his memory. The second is one which might be sought by a person of education unfamiliar with the subject, and the third is one on which even a specialist might need refreshment.

Each of these subjects is marked on a scale of three. A mark of three means that the subject is covered as well as can be expected in a reference book. A mark of two suggests that the information is accurate but brief and incomplete. One means

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that the subject is very inefficiently treated, and zero that it is not mentioned at all. The total marking should give a measure of the value of the book. I have separated the first, second, and third subjects in the marking, so that we may be able to weigh the worth of the book to the curious ignoramus, to the man of general education, and to the specialist. The names I have looked up are as follows:

History — Cæsar, Tallard, Ben Butler, Treaty of Verdun, Golden Bull, Missouri Compromise.

Art — Phidias, Lorenzetti, Whistler.

Science — Evolution, Relativity, Osmosis.

Religion — Buddha, Abu Bekr, Pusey, Transubstantiation, Tabu, Lycanthropy.

Law — Feudalism, Magna Carta, Contract.

Actualities — League of Nations, C. W. Eliot, Lenin, Fascism, Manchukuo, Mass Production, Diesel Engines, Teapot Dome, South Africa.

General — Electricity, Liver, Gutenburg, Wine.

The marks are:

Cæsar	3	Tallard	3	Ben Butler	3				
Treaty of Verdun	1	Golden Bull	3	Missouri Compromise	3				90%
Phidias	3	Lorenzetti	3	Whistler	3				100%
Evolution	1	Relativity	3	Osmosis	3				78%
Buddha	3	Abu Bekr	3	Pusey	3				
Transubstantiation	3	Tabu	2	Lycanthropy	2				90%
Feudalism	3	Magna Carta	3	Contract	3				100%
League of Nations	2								
C. W. Eliot	3								
Lenin	2								
Fascism	3								
Manchukuo	3								
Mass Production	0								
Diesel Engine	3								
Teapot Dome	1								74%
Electricity	3								
Liver	3								
Gutenburg	3								
Wine	3								100%
Total	49		20		20		89		
Possible Total	60		21		21		102		
Average	80.66%		95.24%		95.24%		87.35%		

I have marked the League of Nations article "two" because the importance of President Wilson and of the United States in its formation is very much underestimated. The article on

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Lenin refers to him as the "greatest figure of the early twentieth century," which seems somewhat exaggerated. The article on Teapot Dome is manifestly incomplete. The Treaty of Verdun is merely mentioned but no terms are given.

We can safely say that information will be found in this book about nine times out of ten, which should entitle it to a first class rank as a reference book.

The printing is legible, although it is rather fatiguing to read any of the longer articles, but in these the information is easily found. As a desk companion the book is good and well worth its price and space, but I believe that it would be more convenient if it were published in two volumes rather than in one of nearly two thousand pages. The binding is solid and is well prepared for the strain to which such a book is put.

Altogether we can say that Columbia University is to be congratulated on the production of this work — which should readily fill a completely empty space in the average collection of books. It is not a substitute for a big encyclopædia and still less for a library, but it will do a very valuable service for almost every cultivated person. I shall keep my copy on my desk along with "Andree's Atlas" and "Ploetz's Epitome of History." With these three and the "World Almanac" I will not have to go often to my bookshelves for simple matters of reference.

HERBERT C. PELL

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Contributors' Column

Freeman Tilden ("Does Posterity Pay?") writes economic articles and fiction with equal ease and pleasure, though he confesses to being twitted as to which is which. Our readers will remember "The New Ordeal" in our February 1935 issue.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb ("Story about the Mockingbird") is the southern poet whose "How Spring Comes in Georgia," published in our June 1935 issue, brought us a deluge of letters from irate New England readers. He also writes biographies, and trains hunting dogs.

Frances Frost ("Littoral Dawn") has recently published a novel, "Innocent Summer," and has written several books of verse.

Davidson Taylor ("Tomorrow's Broadcast") is engaged in research work and program-study for the Columbia Broadcasting Company. He announces the New York Philharmonic Symphony Concerts over the radio.

Samuel Lubell ("Agriculture and the Constitution") is a graduate of the Columbia School of Journalism, and has been doing extensive study in the field of agricultural economics. He is now working on the Washington Post.

Jesse Stuart ("Words of Earth"), a Kentucky farmer-poet who raises sheep and teaches school, contributed ten poems to our December number.

Edna Muldrow ("Who Was the First American?") is the president of the Oklahoma Council of English Teachers. She spends her summers doing field work in archæology. This article is the result of three years of research.

David Figart ("A Common Ground for Peace"), has specialized in rubber and oil, and is, we feel, particularly well equipped to discuss problems of international trade. His article, "Corporate Reserves vs. Prosperity" appeared in our first quarterly issue last June.

Sara Van Alstyne Allen ("But Spring Is Lovelier") is a New York poet who has studied under Joseph Auslander at Columbia.

Jacques Jolas ("Under the Musical Crust") is himself a concert pianist who, for the last five years, has been organizing orchestras and musical groups in smaller communities of the South and Middle West for the Juilliard Foundation.

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James R. Browne ("Why No Nicaragua Canal?") graduated from the United States Naval Academy. He has resigned from the Navy to engage in research and journalism.

William and Kathryn Cordell ("Alberta, and Social Credit") are husband and wife, as well as co-authors. They are both interested in current social problems: their last article in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was on "Unions among the Unemployed."

Kile Crook ("Ambition on a May Morning") is a Connecticut poet and a homesteader. We trust that the good Connecticut earth will keep him off the Hudson for a little longer, anyway.

Mary Ellen Chase ("The Golden Age") is the author of "Silas Crockett," "Mary Peters" and "A Goodly Heritage." She is Professor of English at Smith College.

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